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THE STAFF
"THE CONNING TOWER"
1940

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E. H. G. WORDEN

*Principal*Weston Collegiate and
Vocational School

FOREWORD

The Conning Tower presents once more a record of the activities and achievements of the school year. In September there was some doubt as to the wisdom of continuing publication during the war, but it was felt that the intangible benefits were of

such importance that an effort should be made to continue as usual—a decision which is justified in the succeeding pages.

The continued increase in enrolment has given rise to many difficulties. This year 1,130 students are enrolled—a new high in the history of the school. The resignation of some of our valued teachers to accept positions elsewhere, brought eight new teachers to the staff. In spite of these handicaps, it is a pleasure to report that the spirit of co-operation which has always characterized the school has reduced these difficulties to a minimum.

During the year our extra-curricular activities have been unusually successful. The co-ordination of these activities has been placed under a Student Council, and much of the year's success has been due to the enthusiastic work of that body.

Our graduates and ex-students are taking an active and extensive part in the war effort of our country, not only in the Active Service Force overseas and at home, but also in the economic effort of industry. In another place there is a list of those who have enlisted.

Even at this time we have felt the burden of uncertainty of war in the report that Pilot Officer Angus Cameron has been reported missing. I am sure the ex-students join the present body in extending to the family their sympathy, with the hope of his eventual return.

To those who are leaving us this year, we wish continued success in your various undertakings.

In times of stress and change and difficulty, the qualities which make for success in the world remain unchanged, and they are the same qualities that have made possible your success in school.

In conclusion, may I express my appreciation and thanks for the continued co-operation of the staff and whole student body during the past year.

E. H. G. WORDEN

The Conning Tower

VOL. III

MARCH, 1940

No. 4

STAFF

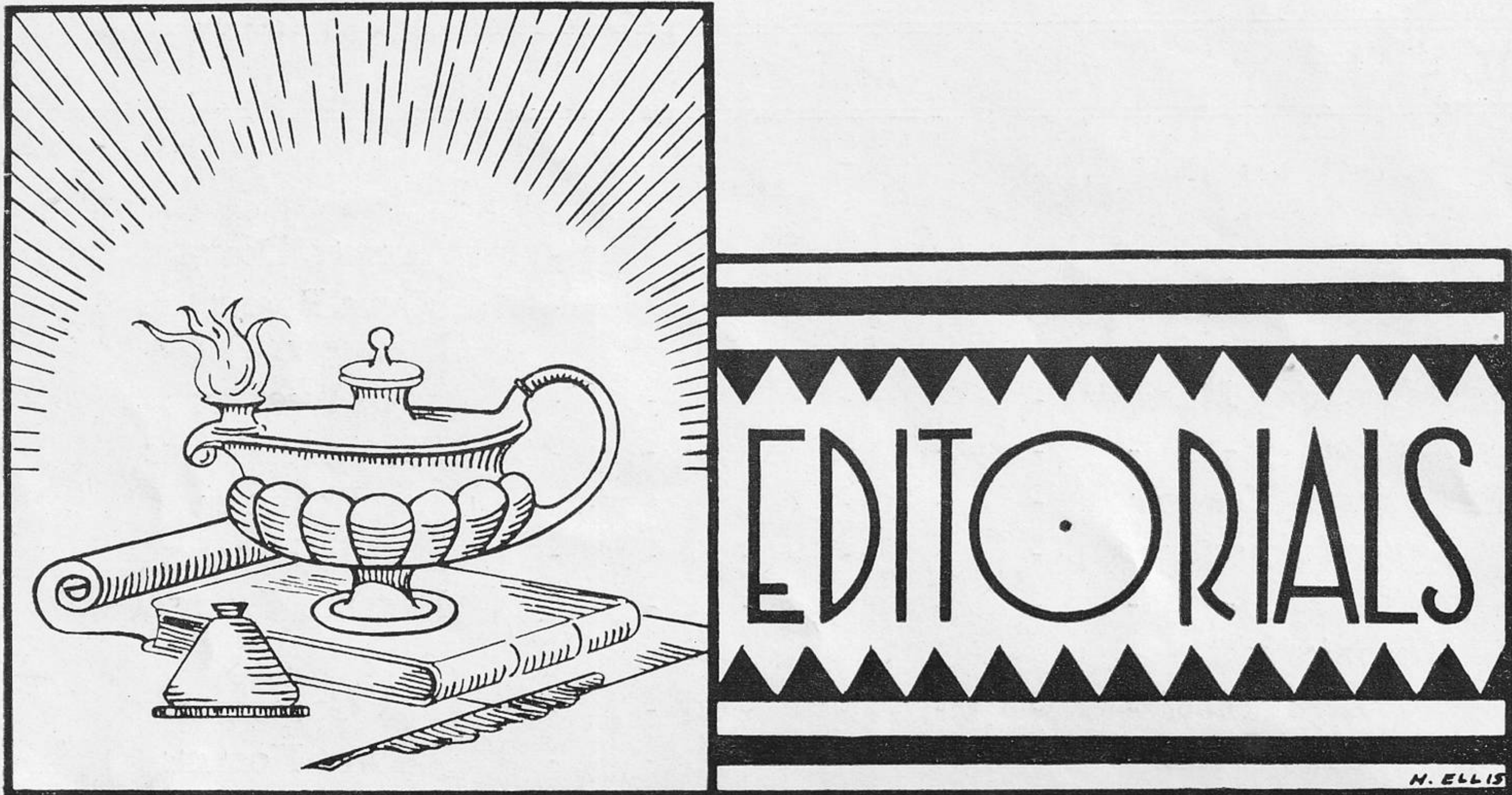
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<i>Art Department</i>	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	RAY DUNSTER DOUG. ORR

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2nd Row—E. Gardhouse, D. Ehnes, E. Henry, M. Lepingwell, J. Holmes.
3rd Row—T. Moore, E. Rushbrook, M. Hall, R. Dunster, D. Orr.



Looking Into the Future

Time flashes by very quickly and the years of happy school life draw quietly to an end. Suddenly we are in Upper School: we are sharing the last year of our Upper School life. What will our future be? How shall we face the future? These are the important, common questions that we are all anxious to solve. After our graduation some of us will continue our studies: some will be successful in obtaining a position. In any case the future is before us.

Let us first consider our present condition. Especially during this critical time, when the world is darkened by the shadows of war, we feel our future is dark and gloomy. The days before us are difficult to face. Many think their future is so dark that there is no use carrying on. Let us stop and think. Is this a proper attitude to adopt? Certainly not. We—especially, we young people—should encounter our future bravely and with decision so that we can be of some use to our country.

Perseverance — It is a common experience that most people feel discouraged and dejected after their first failure. They do not care to try once more, but sit grumbling continually. In the end they accomplish nothing. We should get rid of this habit by continuing to work patiently regardless of difficulties or failures. Many people lack this quality of perseverance.

People who have accomplished great things

have overcome defeats and difficulties. The reason they have succeeded is that they have met all kinds of difficulties with perseverance. Lastly we should remember that failure is the foundation of success.

Hope—Perseverance is not the only necessity for a successful future, but hope should also be considered. Hope links our present with the future and it may give us strength and encouragement. Hope brightens our paths and turns darkness into light. People are still patriotic and enthusiastic toward their country because they have hope—that final victory belongs to us. We should not think that everything is hopeless. I believe we can be successful in anything we undertake, if we have the bright lamp of hope shining on our way forward.

Keen Observation — If you go into business now, you will find that it is very strange. You will be easily tempted to go wrong, if you do not consider all the facts carefully. We should observe a thing carefully and thoroughly before we start to do it.

I close this editorial with the hope that these thoughts will have some part in the future of my fellow-students.

May I now offer my thanks to the staff of the *Conning Tower* for their help and offer the best of luck to future editors.

AUDREY DOUGHERTY

Overseas With Ex-Students

Once more Canada is at War! In this world-wide struggle representatives from Weston are taking their part. Many of the boys who have enlisted are on the active service list for overseas fighting, but some are still in training camps in Canada.

Many others will have enlisted by the time the *Conning Tower* is distributed but up to date the following have enlisted and are anxiously awaiting news from the students. Why not write to them immediately and do your part to keep those who are fighting for our freedom, happy? All the available addresses of the boys are listed below for your use. Don't forget to write to them?

Toronto Scottish—

Pte. Fred Morriss, B. 75787, Toronto Scottish Reg't (M.G.), Base Post Office, Canada.
Pte. Bill Morriss, B. 76505, Toronto Scottish Reg't. (M.G.) Base Post Office, Canada.
Pte. H. C. Mills, B. 75686, Toronto Scottish Reg't (M.G.) C.A.S.F., Base Post Office, Canada.

William Brook, George Allan and Russel Sackett have also joined the Toronto Scottish Regiment.

Air Force—

Bill Hurst, R.C.A.F.
Jas. Buchanan—St. Thomas.
Wm. Milroy—Manning Post.
George Hider—Vancouver.
Joe Brown—R.C.A.F., Trenton.
Norman Farr—Ottawa—Signals.
A. J. Laidler, 10609, A.C. 2, Orderly Room, 1 Manning Pool, Coliseum Building, Toronto.
A. Z. Pengelly, 102 Bomber Squadron. R.A.F. Driffield, Yorkshire, England.

Signallers—

John McKay—Kingston.
John Marachini, B. 33023, 1st Wireless Section, No. 4 Company, 1st Corps of Signals, Royal Canadian Corp Signals (C.A.S.F.), Base Post Office, Canada.
Bill Nye, B. 31139, No. 2 Cor., 1st Division Signals, C.A.S.F., Base Post Office, Canada.
Bill Bushel.

Naval Reserve—

Chester Mercer, William Reid, Clifford Davis.

48th Highlanders—

Bill Charboneau, B. 73351, C. Company, 48th Highlanders of Canada, C.A.S.T., Base Post Office, Canada.

Mechanical Transport—

John Blay, B. 82750, 1st. Mechanical Transport C. Reserves, Base Post Office, Canada.

Field Ambulance—

Albert Showers, B. 84463, 4th Field Ambulance Corp., Royal Canadian Army Service Corps, C.A.S.F., Base Post Office, Canada.
G. J. Brown, 4th Field Ambulance Corp.

Hygiene Section—

Pte. Louis Gar, B. 94001, Field Hygiene Section R.C.A.M.C., C.A.S.F., Base Post Office, Canada.

Tank Corps—

John Richardson, Oshawa.

Ammunition—

James Rae, Army Service Corps, Ammunition Section, First Division, England.

Royal Canadian Army Service Corps—

Pte. J. R. Evans, B. 84263, 1st Res. M. T. Co., Royal Canadian Army Service Corps, C.A.S.F., Base Post Office, Canada.

Engineers—

Joe Pudifin

The Conning Tower, 1927-1940

By MARY BOAKE, IVB

To some a conning tower may mean a low, shot-proof pilot-house of an armoured vessel or in a submarine, a low tower on the deck which serves as a post of observation, but to any W.C.V.S. student, *The Conning Tower* is his much anticipated school magazine.

The Conning Tower as the Weston Collegiate Vocational School Year Book emerged from a sea of literary activity in 1927. Many students became delighted with the idea of having an annual magazine for the expression of their own

thoughts and talents, and they realized too that a school as large as Weston High should have something to represent it through each year — something which could be kept and looked over, decades after graduation. Thus *The Conning Tower* was born. That first *Conning Tower* of thirteen years ago boasted a dainty sky-blue cover, 104 pages and much excellent literary material, of which numerous short stories and humorous poems played no small part. There was a scarcity of photographs back in the "20's",

but those were the days of fuzzy marcel, long waists and above-the-knee skirts and so we can understand why only one picture containing members of the fair sex was printed.

The rugby team pictures, however, were spread out in all their glory, with Mr. Worden as coach, a fact which now helps us to appreciate why he is such an enthusiastic and loyal fan. Incidentally, on the sport page we noticed this seemingly insignificant little item, not even in large type! "Weston concluded a successful year in rugby when the boys emerged winners of the league for the third consecutive year!" Well, that is something for our 1939 champions to think about.

It was also noted that our orchestra, then only four years old, consisted of twelve members, under the direction of Mr. Air. Since that time our band of musicians has been doubled and under the capable leadership of Mr. Metcalfe is still growing. With the increase of students enrolled from 562 in 1937, to 1150 in 1940, the teaching staff too has increased from 27 to 36.

Once established, our magazine sailed through the next four years with apparent ease. It greeted the 1928 season with a dull yellow cover and a startling paragraph which should make the girls sit up and take notice. That year Weston had entered two girls' basketball teams in the Western Suburban League and these came through victorious without a single loss! Our Miss Marie Love was a star forward on the Junior team.

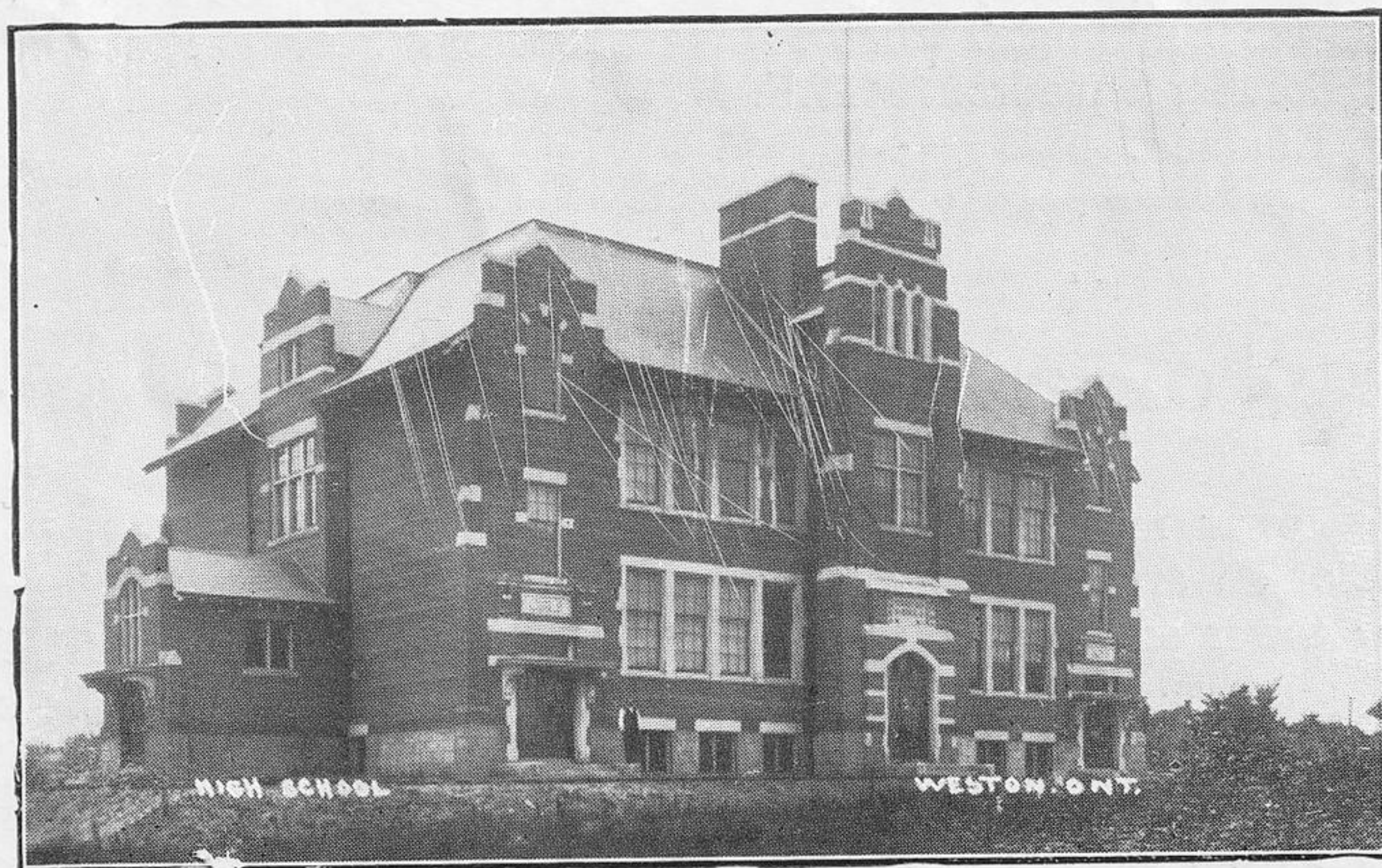
A graceful blue ship on a white cover introduced our 1929 magazine, in which an item of special note caught our eye. One girl had won either seven or eight scholarships—we are not sure which, becoming dazed after counting to the fifth.

The next year our W.H.V.S. crest first graced *The Conning Tower's* cover and was used also for the following two magazines. In 1931 Jaqueline Roy had the honour of being the first girl to edit the worthy sheet, and Audrey Dougherty, current editor, is but the second.

This publication marked the end of the period of infancy in the life of *The Conning Tower*. The "awkward age" was skilfully managed by simply being skipped for six years until 1937, when under the pressure of several demanding and persistent students the magazine again emerged in all the bloom of youth. With a few changes in form, it has been carried on until this 1940, when we hope it may safely be said to have reached maturity and the self-assurance and poise that goes with it.

Year by year, our magazine as well as our school is growing and improving, and we trust it will continue to do so in the future. The staff of this 1940 *Conning Tower* hope that in the years to come, when your copy has been lying on a shelf in a coat of dust, you will often think of it in terms of regard and perhaps even pay it the compliment, some rainy day, of taking it down and renewing acquaintances with *your* school magazine.

WERE YOU IN FIRST FORM THEN?





LITERARY

Guardian of the Caribbean

By ROSEMARY LEPINGWELL, VA

The sinking sun's last rays play upon the rippling waters of the Laguna. In the distance, El Morro Castle keeps guard over the whole vast area of glimmering bright blue sea, the outline of its old crumbling walls slowly fading in the softer shadows of the night. Soon everything will be a dark, soft enveloping darkness, full of shadows, with a slightly blacker shadow to show where the fortress stood. A soft wind, with its salty spray, playfully spurs on the water, white with breakers, to lap and lick like little hungry animals, at the jagged rocks.

The great stone barrier, unmade by man, rises from the sea, and ends abruptly in a sentry-box, a small, dome-shaped box, supported by gray stone walls, worn and cracked by centuries, for time and nature have not been kind to the Haunted Sentry Box. Legend calls it haunted, for night after night, the natives say, soldiers who were posted on guard there, mysteriously disappeared, carried away by the Evil One. Superstitiously, the natives believe the story and shun the place. For the outpost has seen its share of history. From this battery, the first shot was fired during the Spanish-American war, a war destined to travel through the pages of history.

Up the beach, the castle proper of San Felipe del Morro is spread out, its walls seeming golden and glittering. Standing for Spanish patriotism, the sombre and grim battlements of the fortification rise steeply. The old outpost has outlived its defensive usefulness, but centuries have coloured it with traditions and legends. Well-deserving of its title of the best-fortified Spanish post in old Western America, El Morro has seen many battles. Just 60 years after its building, when gold-laden galleons bound for Spain from Mexico, sought refuge in the harbour, Sir Frances Drake vainly assaulted this

rude defence. The solid, stern walls, moss-grown and bleak, bear ample evidence of cannon-balls. But the cannons from which the shots were fired, are still and rusty. Pirates, buccaneers, English, French, and even Americans have aimed their guns at old San Felipe del Morro. And the hero of it all, the man who helped build it, and ruled over it—Juan Ponce de Leon—sleeps his long last rest in the shadow of the ancient forts.

The broken and crumbling arch of the door cannot conceal the damp and morbid interior; the bleak, black shadows come and spill out over the threshold, permeating the atmosphere with eeriness. Inside, the ghostly, grayish light outlines the thick cracked walls. Immaterial gray shadows loom up all around. Faintly, as from a distance, the sounds of surf pounding on the rocks below the sentry box, can be heard. Further along down the narrow, black channel of the hall, stone steps going steeply downwards, lead into the dungeons. In by-gone days, many prisoners suffered here; many even died in this sinister place, into which the light of day cannot penetrate. Every means of torture, cruel or terrifying, is hidden away here in these gloomy caverns. A heavy and formidable iron-grilled door opens into the Chinaman's Cell, so called because of its inhuman powers of torture. The dark, damp interior of the cell, successfully conceals the tales it might tell of the past.

Numerous other cells and rooms help make up the uncompromising and horrifying interior of the dungeons. But once outside again, the cool night air dispels the last lingering fear concerning the gloomy fortification.

In that forsaken building, there still dwell the spirits of ghosts of by-gone days, the days of Ponce de Leon and Christopher Columbus. In those days, the swinging of faithful swords

against rattling coats of mail was the main source of tumult. Cannon salutes would have welcomed those loved heroes, Ponce de Leon and Christopher Columbus, home. But now those same swords and cannons are silent. What would

those gallant Princes of Adventure think of Puerto Rico now, with its modern houses and modern people? Only the guardian of the Caribbean remains living as a silent and grim testimonial of those heroic and never-dying days!

On Singing in the Bath

By MYRTLE LA ROSE, IIIB

What is more cheerful on a Monday morning than Dad crooning in a low bass "Darling, I am growing old," under his shower? The very sound of it, often not very musical, will bring a smile to everyone's lips. Even when they shout to him to be quiet and let a fellow get some more sleep, the singing seems to have opened new doors in the new day. And then they find that as they take their bath, without knowing why, they begin to croon too.

It is strange the kind of songs one will sing while taking a bath. Popular songs, old fashioned ballads, and even hymns are sung. I know of one friend of mine who, although she has tried innumerable times to break the habit, finds herself breaking into the song "There's a hole in the bottom of the sea." Although I don't believe that the plug has ever come out and left her sitting high and dry in the tub.

The only way to enjoy a bath is to gently lower yourself into a sweetly scented, comfortably heated tub of water. Settle yourself, roll over several times, settle yourself again in a position to read the book you have taken into the tub with you and then at intervals lean back and sing. But be sure that the door has been locked before you get in or you will find that the other members of the family will ask you many questions about your reason for wanting to sing.

People sing in church, on the way to school and work, but there is no better place to sing than in the tub, where you can endeavour to make the house resound with high C or low B. You can get twice as much volume in a tub. The water seems to affect you in a strange way. I myself sing everything from "God save the King" to "Roll out the Barrel".

On a Door Handle

By EVELYN GARDHOUSE, VB

Door handles! Would you not expect them to balk just when you did not want them to? Here, I was, hurrying faster than ever before, and this one would not turn an inch. I grabbed the handle viciously and turned it as hard as possible. It moved this time—the tiniest bit. Encouraged to greater efforts, I gritted my teeth and turned it once more. Harder! It did not budge. Harder! Perhaps I had not tried quite enough—what was that old saying? "If at first you do not succeed, try, try, again." The sentence ran through my mind, and beckoned me on to renewed efforts. When I was practically blue in the face from the strain, the handle came off in my hand! After gazing upon it for a moment with surprised indignation, I dropped the door-knob on the floor, grunted my disapproval and left the house—but not for long.

At the end of a prolonged search in the backyard and garage, I triumphantly bore a ladder around to the side of the house, sat it against the wall, and tentatively, but determinedly clambered to the top. When I had arrived in my room, by means of the window, I hastily picked up my tennis-racket and peered at the

clock in almost the same moment. Ten-thirty! I was thirty minutes late, just because of that pesky old door-handle. With speed I again climbed on to the ladder and hurried down.

Later, that day, as I seemed to have an eternity at my disposal, I decided to try the handle again. I would now have at least an hour to play with the nasty thing. After arriving in the upper hall, I picked up the handle from the floor, fitted the handle into place, summoned all my strength and turned the knob with might and main. The door flew open. Much to my surprise I found myself rubbing noses with the floor—I do not mean to accuse the poor floor of having a nose, but at the moment it certainly felt as if it had many projections of some sort.

Slowly, I sat up and gazed in sad disappointment at the door-knob which twinkled in glee. When I had been in a hurry, the knob refused to work; now, when I had all the time in the world with which to play with the knob, it turned without my having even to try. The irony of fate, some people might call this, but I call it merely the gloating contrariness of door-handles.



TEACHING STAFF

Front Row—Miss Eadie, Miss Carrie, Miss Smith, Miss Coburn, Miss Mulholland, Mr. Worden, Miss Miller, Miss Currie, Miss Govenlock, Miss Wattie, Miss Galbraith, Miss Buell.
2nd Row—Mr. Metcalfe, Mr. Goddard, Mr. Armstrong, Mr. Templeton, Miss Richardson, Miss Campbell, Miss Uren, Miss Love, Miss Found, Mr. Jeffrey, Mr. Brooks, Mr. Healy, Mr. Thompson.
3rd Row—Mr. Leuty, Mr. Foreman, Mr. Arthur, Mr. Whiting, Mr. McLean, Mr. Gemmel, Mr. Christie, Mr. Mitchell, Mr. Baxter, Mr. Scott, Mr. Anderson, Mr. Boone, Mr. Ellison.

EXAMINATION TIME

ELEANOR MARTIN, IVA

Just when a fellow's feelin' good,
 And June is well in prime;
 Then comes the wretched nightmare of
 Examination time.
 It takes the joy right out of life
 To hear the babbling brooks,
 And know that one must cram his head
 Chock-full of dry, old books.

I think there ought to be a law
 Against examination,
 Because it gives the girls and boys
 A dose of nerve prostration.
 What good is Algebra and French?
 What good is Chemistry?
 Why do they need to have these tests?
 This is the mystery.

And grammar "ain't" a bit of good,
 And spelling is the worst!
 I've crammed at Latin till I fear
 My poor, old head will burst.
 Oh, for a single half-a-day,
 Down at the swimming-hole!
 I dare not even think of it
 'Twould so depress my soul.

I do not care a finger snap
 'Bout Ancient History.
 And German almost drives me mad.
 So does Geometry!

I'd like to have a game of ball!
 Oh dear! it turns me sick
 To think that I must plug away
 At this Arithmetic!

My mother says she'd like to see
 A smile upon my cheek,
 'Twould make a gay hyena blue
 To study French and Greek.
 I'm certain that I cannot pass—
 I'm sure to fail, I know!
 Oh, for an hour to listen in
 Upon my radio!

And speaking of Geography—
 I feel like dear Mark Twain
 Who said, "He wished that Christopher
 Had missed the boat again!"
 In 1492 they say
 Columbus sighted land.
 Oh boy! a little sail to day!
 Say, wouldn't it be grand?

I've got examination blues,
 I'm going to take a swoon!
 I think it is an awful sin
 To spoil the month of June.
 I'm going to grab my hat and run
 To some uncultured clime;
 Where happy natives never hear
 Of 'xamination time!

Canada's Part in this War

By H. SKELTON, IVB

Once more the call to arms has been sounded, and once more, contrary to the predictions of the enemy, the members of the British Commonwealth of Nations have responded. Each part of the Empire has a certain duty to perform, a part to play in the great drama. Canada's duties are plain for everyone to see.

We are particularly fortunate, for we are separated from the scene of conflict by a great body of water controlled by Britain's navy. We are near a strong, friendly nation which has promised to help us if we are invaded. This assurance, instead of lulling us into inaction, should stimulate us to greater efforts. We are the natural outlet for the tremendous amount of goods manufactured in United States for British use. Here too, factories may operate without fear of attack, and the farmer may cultivate his crops in safety. British ships operating in the Western Hemisphere may always find a haven in a Canadian port.

Canadians are well suited to fight for Britain, and her ally, France. They are of true British and French stock and their loyalty cannot be doubted. Who is better qualified for the Tank

Corps than the farmer, used to driving a tractor, who better for the Air Force than the pilot who for years has braved the storms and cold of our North, and who can as efficiently man the small craft so indispensable to a navy as the Canadian fisherman?

In this country we have unlimited space to devote to the cause. A half-continent is spread out for the pilot-in-training to try his wings. There is no lack of open water for would-be naval men. A tremendous acreage offers itself for raising cattle and grain to feed the troops overseas. Surely, this is a favoured country.

Still that is not all. Canada provides most of the world's nickel, so necessary for armament. We have almost every metal and mineral in generous quantities. On this soil grow tremendous forests, which have helped and will help again to win a war. The supply of food afforded by our farms and fisheries is almost unlimited. Is it any wonder that Britain has set us to work in factories, building aeroplanes and making guns, and intends to increase the number of such industries here?



PROFICIENCY PRIZE WINNERS

Front Row—W. Whittaker, R. Grosskurth, D. Cuthbertson, D. Ehnes, Olga Skorup, H. Skelton, J. Boylen.

2nd Row—Bill Bradley, D. Harman, Lillian Brookes, Shirley Cousins.

3rd Row—Jack Offredi, Mary Petroski, Mary Brownlee, Elsie Pollard, J. Cole.

Milk, Crackers and Cheese

By RAY DUNSTER, VB

The first thing I remember was hearing a queer walking sound. I sat up with a start, blinking my eyes, and there at the foot of my bed a bull-frog of monstrous size sat gazing at me. Suddenly it hopped forward and I drew my feet quickly up under me. Upon trying to shout I found I couldn't utter a sound; however, the silence was soon broken by the frog for in a deep croaking tone it spoke to me!

"I want you, young fellow," it croaked in a menacing manner, "for I saw you jab a pair of scissors into my brother Willie, and cut his leg off with a knife."

After saying this the frog hopped still closer to me and its big ugly head was thrust close to mine. I put out my hand to push it away but my hand touched only thin air. The frog's mouth opened wide; instinctively I drew back and just as I did so I heard its jaws come together with a sickening thud. Then a merciful blackness enveloped me.

Not long after I was again aroused from my slumber by the "ba-ing" of sheep. A flash of light caught my eye and I perceived rows of bright lights, formed in the shapes of icicles and triangles, passing in what appeared to be a never ending line, from one side of my bed to the other.

I had hardly recovered from this surprise, when the sound of a movement behind caused me to look anxiously over my shoulder. There I saw

an old white haired man with a long white beard looking at me with a "nasty" glint in his eye. Finally recovering my voice, I managed to stammer, "Who—who are you?"

The old man replied in a wheezy voice. "I am Euclid. I have come to settle an old score with you regarding your work in Geometry."

He made a movement with his hand and all the circles changed their direction and began to go around me. Softly at first but gradually increasing into a din. I heard the chant of mingled voices repeating over and over the question "Why did you not learn proposition ten?" At the same time, the brilliance of the circles whirling round and round my head grew in intensity, until unable to stand it any longer I rose and started to run.

I had only taken a few steps when I felt myself falling at a speed which made me dizzy. Down, down I fell! At last I struck something hard with a jar that shook every bone in my body. For a moment I sat still for I was surrounded by an inky blackness. Then far off in the distance I heard a voice talking to me and calling my name; soon I recognized it as Mother's.

After seeing me safely in bed once more, she said as she turned out the light, "I told you that drinking milk and eating crackers and cheese would make you dream."

Morning Assembly

By PATRICIA NADON, VB

The topic was "Morning Assembly—an impression of the sights and sounds in the auditorium at one minute to nine". I groaned inwardly. How could I describe the auditorium at one minute to nine when I never get there till six minutes after nine? Oh well, I never was one to let technical difficulties stand in my way. So!

Morning assembly is rather a terrific item on our time-table. You can hear it long before it actually begins. The sound of it would be described in a romantic novel as "the loud hum of voices and the heavy tread of many feet". I call it a beastly racket. As you come down to the auditorium, traffic becomes more and more congested, and you are so busy wondering what causes the congestion that you fail to notice that it is you standing in the doorway. However, you are not permitted to stand there long and you soon find yourself in a more or less tidy line with the rest of your form. There are literally "hundreds of people" in the

auditorium, but for observation purposes a mere ninety or so will do. So you choose your ninety and settle down to observe. I do not really know what your feelings would be at this point, but I know what mine were on my first morning. Wonder seized me. I wondered first why everyone talked at once. (I found out later that it was because there was no time to give everyone a turn, and you know how girls like to talk). Then I wondered why pretty girls had to spoil their beauty by chewing gum. (I have never discovered the answer to that one.) Just as I was about to wonder how we got out of the place, four different conversations accosted my outraged ears with somewhat this effect: "And he said" . . . "Oh, I've the darlinest blue net evening gown" . . . "It's a wire-haired terrier and" . . . "I just love the clothes he wears".

Do you blame me for wondering? But then, you must know what it is like. You are there every morning . . . on time too.

"15000 Miles in a Ketch"

By ILSE LUBBERS, CIII

15,000 *Miles in a Ketch* by R. R. Du Baty is an interesting story of a 15,000 mile voyage on an immense ocean. There were six men on board the little "J. B. Charcot", Du Baty, the author of this story; Henri his brother, captain of the crew; Jean Bontemps, boatswain; Agnes, sailor; Larose, sailor and Esnault, the cook. For many months they saw no other human beings and nothing but the great immensity of the storm-lashed seas surrounded them as they made their way to desolation island, "Kerguelen".

After a voyage of four thousand miles to Tristan da Cunha, an island between South Africa and South America upon which is a solitary little community of English-speaking people, they again sailed through many terrible storms without the sight of another ship until they came to Kerguelen. Upon this great group of barren, desolate, uninhabited islands they lived for many months.

Here they met many exciting experiences, one of which took place in a deserted German house. The author spent eight lonely days here by himself fixing up the weather-beaten dwelling. While preparing his supper one night, a ghostly form appeared at the window. Poor Du Baty was left almost breathless. Many more exciting incidents like this take place.

Larose, our eighteen year old sailor, has by far the most interesting character of all. He had such an enormous all-devouring appetite that he was forever eating. He was always the first to rise in the morning as his immense stomach was always craving for ship's biscuits just

as soon as daylight appeared. Steadily as a machine his teeth would get to work, grinding at those big hard biscuits and making such a racket that Henri would say each morning "There goes the biscuit mill! Time to get up".

The reason for this trip to Kerguelen was to get seal oil, or blubber as it is called. Many interesting facts are listed about this industry, the way the seals are killed, and how the blubber is sliced and melted and then stored away in large casks. The author tells us that seals come to shore during the last days of August. The male seals come ashore first and then about the fifteenth of September the female seals come to shore to give birth to their young. The males are about twenty feet in length, the females about one third of the length. Seals when born are about three feet long.

Storms occur frequently all through the story but the faithful little *J. B. Charcot* manages to get through each one safely.

Du Baty as well as the rest of the crew become so devoted to this boat which was their home for nearly two whole years that he writes the last two pages to "Dear little J. B. Charcot" saying, "Brave boat wherever you are sailing may you be handled by men who love you as well as we loved you. Sometimes I think they—whoever they may be—will be haunted by us wherever they may be; and that sometimes they will hear the faint music of an accordion as was played by Agnes at night off the Island of Desolation and also the grinding of Larose's biscuit mill".

EXPECTATION, CONCENTRATION

MARY BOAKE, IVB

A room half-filled with Westonites
All restless in their seats,
Longing for the holidays
And all the Christmas "eats",
Bragging about the dates they've got
With every minute reckoned,
Full of pep and ready for fun—
That's Friday the 22nd!

Arms overflowing with parcels,
Hearts gay with surprise and delight;
A six-course Christmas dinner
And a four o'clock party at night.

Skiing, skating and dancing,
Time speeds by in a haze,
More late parties at New Year's—
Those are the holidays.

A room half-filled with Westonites
Each dozing in his seat,
Dreaming about the holidays
And all he'd had to eat,
Regretting so many parties
And those costly dates seem blurred,
Just about dead and ready for sleep—
That's January the 3rd!

Joan Lanning



WHO'S WHO IN W.C.V.S.

The Night Watchman

By ED. RUSHBROOK, VB

The motor droned in its monotonous symphony of power. The wind zipped and whistled past the pilot's cabin as he scanned the inky void for some trace of the foeman known to be lurking near. A row of tiny lights cast an eerie greenish hue over the hard lines of the set face and determined jaw. Steely blue eyes bored into the night, their keen glance cutting a swath from side to side in their ceaseless search for the two tiny lights—one red, one green.

Suddenly the headphones clicked out instructions. Mechanically the pilot consulted a chart, plotted a new course on it, and swung off to the right in a wide arc. After a few minutes, twin streams of flame-red lights flickered into view. Then a red and a green light winked out from the stygian gloom. Eagerly the pilot gave the motor full throttle, reported his discovery, and fingered his trigger trips.

Above and behind the enemy, the deadly Spitfire hovered as if in contemplation of its next move. Below droned an enemy vulture, laden with deadly "eggs". But the vulture fairly bristled with humps that spat deadly streams of hot lead in many directions. The moment of indecision was short-lived. With a quiver of delight, the little plane dipped its nose and screamed

down on the unsuspecting bomber below it. When but a few hundred yards from its foe, a sheet of flame leaped from the wings of the Spitfire. Amidst the thundering crash a hail of bullets whined toward the black hulk, leaving a trail of smoke. Then the target was below and dropping backwards as the pilot flipped his metal hornet into a quick loop and twist to come thundering in on his quarry again.

This time he was met by an answering hail of bullets, but his comet-like steed proved a hard target to hit. Twisting, wheeling, turning, looping, again and again he hurled himself at the lumbering giant now looping for home. But the end came suddenly. A terrific roar rent the air. The Spitfire lurched, momentarily out of control as the bomber vanished in a sheet of flame and a puff of smoke. A lucky shot had fired its deadly cargo.

Dawn streaked the sombre gray sky as a tiny black dot dropped slowly down towards the hidden hangars. The dot grew into a blur, then a buzzing patch of black, and finally materialized into the plucky Spitfire as it sank down to a well-earned rest on the tarmac. The night watchman was now off-duty.

SPRING

JEAN BROWN

Spring!
Mother of things born,
Renewer of life,
Envoy of harvest, appeaser of strife;
Mistress of sunshine.
Breezes and rain—
Ladies-in-waiting, pages of her train.

Spring!
Whispers to the trees,
Touches the sod,
Makes all the sleepy creatures nod;
Squirrels and swallows,
Moles and sheep,
Wake from the winter's dormant deep.

On Pockets and Purses

By JIM SAYE, IIIB

There are two reasons why I prefer pockets to purses; one is for the matter of safety. One can very easily leave a purse on a store counter, or any number of places, but it would be terribly embarrassing if you happened to leave your pocket on a store counter, or in the street-car. A pocket is much harder to pick than a purse is to snatch. This second reason is a matter of professional pride; anybody can snatch a purse at the first try, but to pick a pocket is an art. The difference between snatching a purse from an unsuspecting, defenceless woman's arm, and reaching deep down into the pocket of a

male giant to relieve him of his pocket-book is very great, and it is a feat to be recognized. No four year correspondence course is necessary to remove a purse from a woman's grasp, but to pick a man's pocket is recognized to be one of the learned professions. It stands to reason that a pocket is safer than a purse—or why would a man put his money in a purse and then put them both in his pocket? Pockets have other uses than merely to carry things; they are handy to keep your hands warm or out of the way.

A Little Bit of Green Eye

By EDITH BRIGHAM, VB

The house was so lonely and quiet of late! Billy turned listlessly from the window and looked longingly at his train packed away neatly on its shelf. Only yesterday Mother had come into his room, and sternly told him he must not play with his train when baby was asleep.

"Asleep, indeed. The only time that red, squirming thing was not asleep was in the middle of the night." His glance wandered to the pile of books. It was ages since anyone had taken him on their knee and read him a story. Everything had changed since that 'thing' had come to live with them. The other day when he went down street with his mother and the baby, the nice Mrs. Conning who usually gave him candy did not even notice him but eagerly peeked into the carriage and uttered silly little oh's and ah's, and then started to talk to his mother about how pretty the baby was, and what sweet lips it had.

Suddenly as Billy stood in his silent bedroom, an idea came to him! His unhappy little face lit up with excitement. He pulled on his leather windbreaker and cap, and slipped noiselessly downstairs. As he passed through the dining-room, he snatched two oranges off the sideboard. With one glance backward he let himself out the back door.

The bright afternoon sun shone boldly down, as Billy skipped down the road. Soon, however, black formidable clouds drew a mask across the sun. The bitter wind swept across the open fields, hurling icy, stinging snow at Billy. Faster and thicker the snow whirled! Blinded, and gasping for breath, the little lad struggled to get away from this strange, awful fiend. But alas! the wind and snow wound their clutching arms about him, lifted him into the air, then flung him, with a jeering shriek, down the steep side of the road.

The Telegram

A gay tinkle of expensive china mingled with a soft murmur of many voices that floated out the wide French doors. A soft rustle of taffeta swished past the opening and a moment later a delicate odour of perfume hung in the air. Gay lanterns swayed gently in the evening breeze. Yes, the home-coming party that Mr. Jerome was holding for his son was certainly a success.

Everyone was enjoying himself. Everyone except one man. He sat alone on the terrace. His head hung low over his body. With monotonous exactness he rubbed the nape of his neck. Inside,

In the meantime, Billy's mother had awakened the baby, dressed it, and was bringing her downstairs, when she remembered Billy. Nonchalantly she walked toward his room, and opened the door. A dark, tidy room met her startled glance. In a thin voice, she called, "Billy?" There was no answer. Hurrying downstairs, she called again. Still no answer! Then running to the door, she looked out, and her heart froze within her. Snow was flying everywhere in a mad frenzy, and deep drifts were piling up. With a hopeless gesture, she snatched up the telephone and rapidly told her husband of Billy's disappearance.

Ten minutes later a small band of men, carrying blankets and flashlights, started out on an almost hopeless search, in an ever-widening circle of the house. For over two hours the search had been going on, when suddenly one of the men stumbled over something flexible. Flashing his light down, he saw the huddled figure of Billy. With surprising deftness, he wrapped the unconscious child in his coat, gathered him in his arms, and hurried toward the house. At the door, Billy's mother, tearless but grief-stricken, met him, and with trembling hands took the bundle from him.

A short time later, when the rest of the search-party returned, Billy was lying on the chesterfield surrounded with hot water bottles, blankets, and pillows. Billy's father came into the room, but was drawn aside by his mother who whispered, "Sh! He has just dropped off to sleep!" Then thoughtfully, "I will not let him out of my sight from now on, for after all he is still my baby."

One of Billy's eyes opened slightly, a triumphant expression spread over his pale face; then, lulled by the cosy feeling of belonging, he drifted into a sleep of happy contentment.

By BESSIE ARTHUR, VA

the lilting music of some gay tune began and one could hear the shuffle of feet. The man paid no attention, but sat staring blankly at the small square of yellow paper at his feet. Was he dreaming?

He read it again to make sure. No, it was true. There it was before him—clear and precise.

SORRY CANNOT COME HOME
NOW STOP JUST JOINED THE
ARMY STOP.

JERRY

The Invisible Visitor

By BESSIE ARTHUR, VA

"Rex! Stop growling! There is no one there!" Obediently the spaniel slunk behind a chair. It was quiet again. A podgy, middle-aged man sat writing at a high mahogany desk.

Unexpectedly the man rose and walked over to the window. He stood gazing outside dazedly for a long time. It was dusk. The north wind, sweeping dust in its path thrashed the desolate moor which faded into the distance. To the right the blurred outline of lofty trees deepened into perpetual blackness. Just beneath the window stray leaves raced madly around and around in dizzy rushing gusts. A monstrous black cloud loomed overhead and soon little icy snow-flakes whipped past the window.

The man shivered and quickly drew the curtains. "It's a good night to be inside, Rex. It's a night for murder." His usual kindly face changed suddenly and the countenance of a cruel, savage, half-mad old miser appeared. A slow cynical smile twisted his lips into a long curl. A far-away look crept into his eyes and he stood staring fixedly into the open hearth. Probably he was thinking of the poor, defenseless people he had cheated and robbed, the countless families he had driven out into that horrible dusky night. But he was safe. The law couldn't catch him! They had no proof!

Reluctantly, he went back to the desk, "Hello, there's a letter on the desk. Well Rex, we'll see what this is all about."

To whom it may concern.

You think you are safe, but you are not.

On Love Letters

I was looking through an old trunk the other day when I happened to come upon a bundle of carefully wrapped letters. They were old, very old, and tied carefully with a piece of pink satin ribbon, now grown a little frayed with age. A little too carelessly I untied it and began to read them one by one.

They were written in a very delicate hand, and before I saw the signature I knew, by a lady. They were scented too, and even though very old I could still distinguish a faint aroma of lavender clinging softly to them—clinging like the young maid who had written those letters, reluctant to let her lover depart. For they were love-letters, filled with all the tender pain of a young girl's heart. She was young, young and fresh and pure—just seventeen, it said on the back of the picture I found there. Soft brown

I'll get you—tonight—at twelve.

The steel man.

With a burst of temper he crumpled the paper and hurled it into the fire. Automatically he looked at the clock. It was only seven. He had five hours to wait—five long, nerve-racking hours—five cruel hours. He felt a queer twisting in the pit of his stomach and his heart seemed to pound in his ears. It seemed to be beating away his life. He sat down exhausted in a big chair by the fire. He shoved his fingers in his ears but still the monotonous thumping continued. It was horrible. It was like the drums of some savage tribe beating out the death dance.

For almost five hours he sat rigid. A cold sweat poured out of his forehead; his lips were drained of all colour; his cheeks were a ghastly yellow; the sockets of his eyes bulged. Unexpectedly the clock began to chime. Was it twelve already? Yes, the deep melancholy tones of the clock sounded twelve times. He didn't move.

Suddenly, the sharp grating of steel shattered the stillness. Wait! What was that! Both man and dog stood staring expectantly at the door. Slowly and surely the handle turned. The door opened one inch, then two. It creaked audibly like the long low howl of a dog. What was behind that door? The man stood up. Suddenly he gripped his heart. His head dropped on his chest. His knees bent and he fell to the floor.

He was dead. He had died of a heart attack.

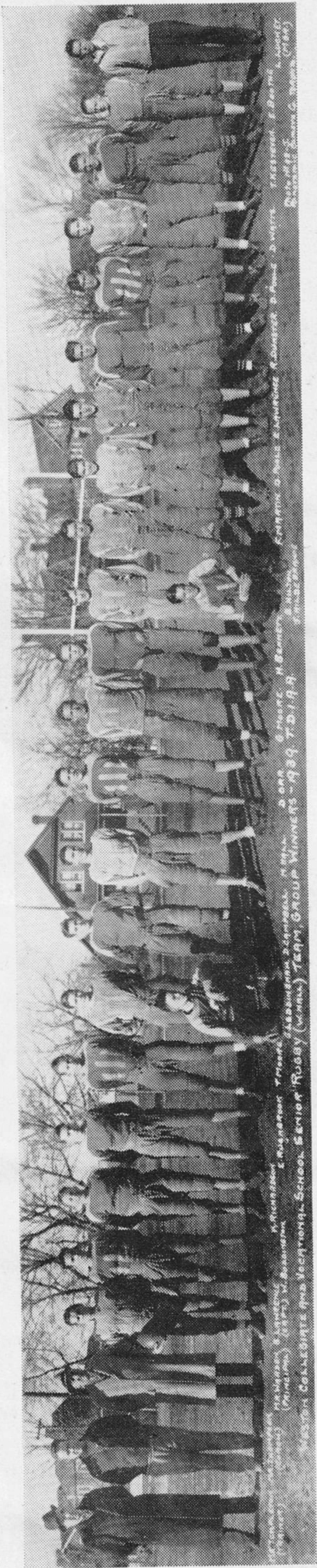
By AILEEN SCOTT IIIB

hair, shining even in the miniature for which she must have sat so many long hours. Large, luminous brown eyes filled with a message of love to her swain; soft, red lips, full and appealing; she must have been enough to turn the head of many a courtly young gentleman of her day.

What messages were contained in the numerous pages I read and reread, I shall not attempt to tell, for it is enough that I should have read them, and pried into something that was never meant for my eyes. The quick vision I had of that beautiful romance I shall keep in my memory always, tucked back in a small dusty corner to be brought out only at times and brushed off and brightened up a bit when I am near forgetting it. But I shall not forget. Beautiful things are not long forgotten.



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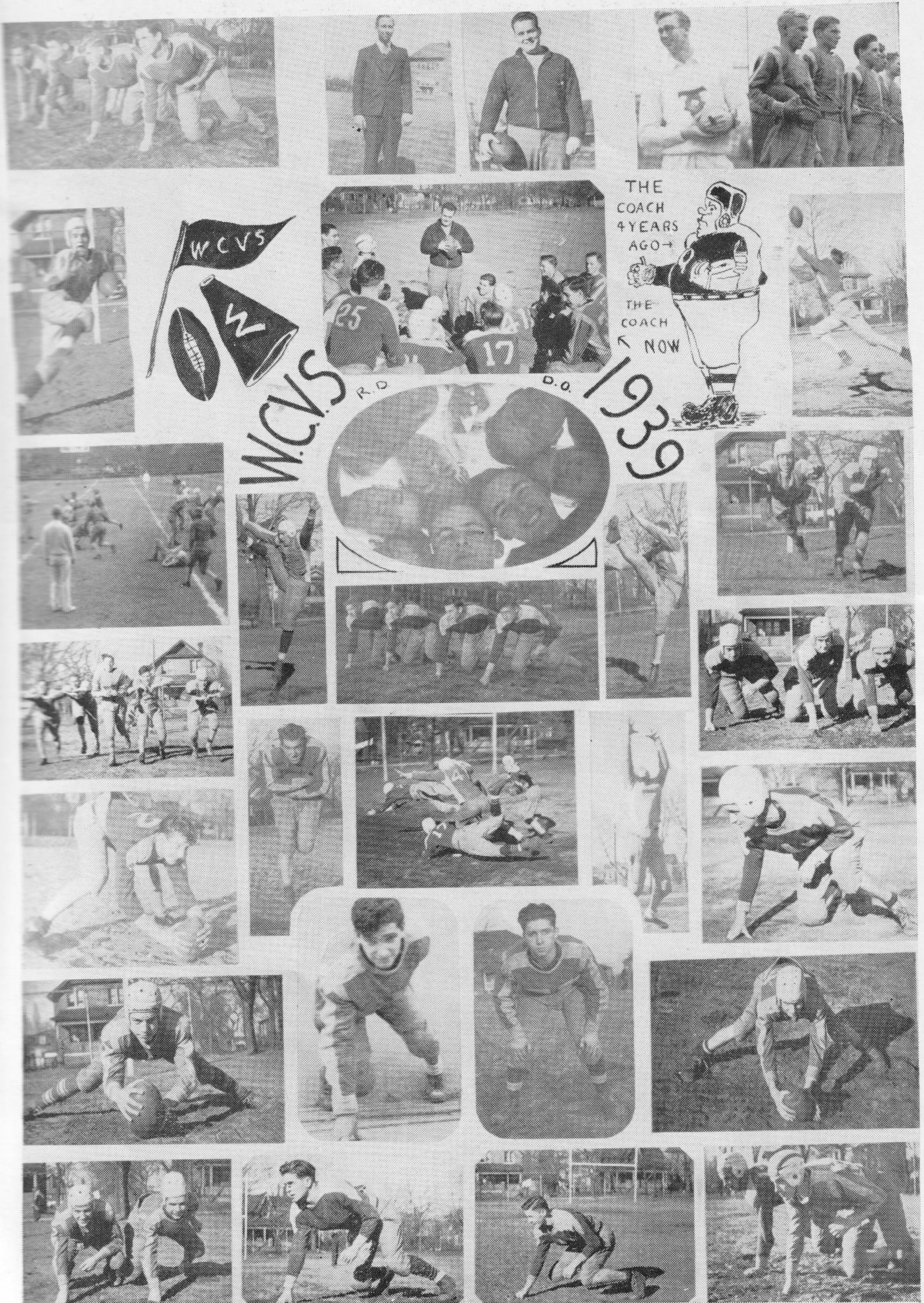
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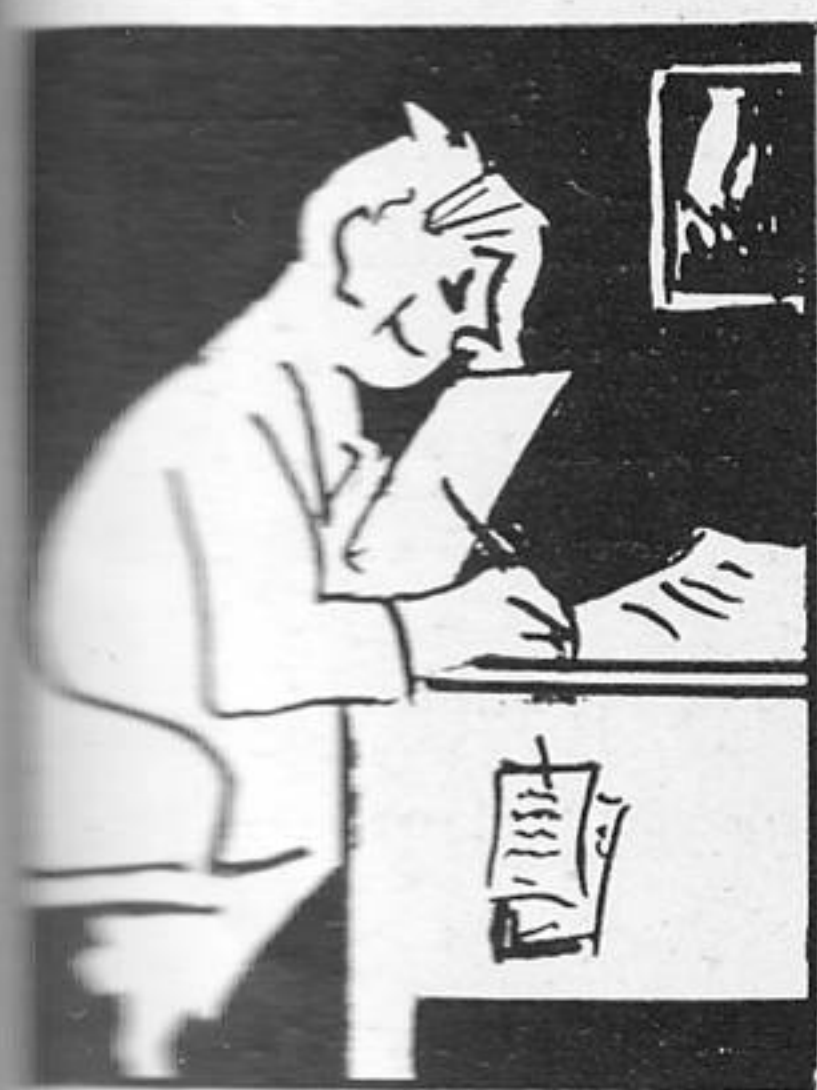
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Alumni



R. DUNSTER

High School Alumni

By BOB GROSSKURTH

Last September we welcomed another bunch of "panty waists" into First year. What has become of that class of happy fifth formers whom we remember dashing about the halls and class rooms of W. C. V. S. last year? Although many of them are back "sadder but wiser" with resolutions about finishing their Matriculation this June, the majority of those bright-eyed students are now men and women of the business world of dashing collegians. From the time they first stepped across the threshold of Weston six years ago, they underwent a slow thorough training and when they proudly strode across the platform at Commencement, they received W. C. V. S.'s guarantee that they were well-equipped to carve their niche in the world.

Gordon Wood: Gordon is busy dashing off essays for the professors at Victoria College, trying to live up to the reputation he won when he walked off with the Pearen Scholarship last year.

Bill Cameron: In about ten years "Doc" will be about administering pills and stuff as a full-fledged M. D.

Ralph Wright: Ralph is with his side-kick "Doc" in first year Meds. at U. of T. dissecting worms and things—learning to be sawbones.

Bert Shore: Teaching the three "r's" will be Bert's chore when he graduates from Normal.

Enid Shore: Enid is at Normal with her brother Bert, learning the kindergarten curriculum.

Lorne Tyler: Lorne is giving full scope to his mechanical inclinations, studying aeroplane mechanics at Galt Aircraft School.

Mac Duff: When we asked what we could say about him, he replied "Nothing." "Why?" we queried. "That's what I'm doing." Temporary we hope.

Jack Melville: He gave us the same answer. Why all this mystery?

Kathy Grosskurth: Is attending the Second Sec-

retarial School for Girls, learning how to pound a typewriter and make eyes at her boss. **Bill Harper:** is completing his Matric. at Runnymede. Grr—if it hadn't been for those last two minutes—.

Stew May: Stew is working over at the C.C.M. plant in the skate department. We all miss Stew's witty classroom remarks.

Bill Hannah: Bill was the first of the graduating class to answer the call to the colours. He is now in the uniform of the Army Service Corps.

Jim Burford: is in the service of the T. Eaton Co. dashing around the superintendents office. Guelph Agricultural College drew some Westonites from the shuffle:

John Beach: John is sorting seeds at O. A. C. to lead the "back to the soil" movement.

Mort Walker: taking a Veterinary course at Guelph learning what to do for sick pigeons.

Helen Jeffrey: is taking the two-year Associate course at Macdonald Hall, Guelph. No longer will the eligible bachelors be able to say, "Boy, if she could only cook."

Betty Brookfield: is also making whoopee among the swarms of vets and farmers at Guelph. She is at Mac Hall taking the same course as her bosom buddy, Helen.

Bob Paine: Bob's busy rushing through Lysanders out at the Malton assembly plant. He tells us that if he drops any of the valuable instruments he handles he will be back at W. C. V. S. again.

A number of the male section of the graduates are employed in banks.

Ken McClelland: is a Junior in the Bank of Nova Scotia here in Weston.

Bob Johnston: Bob is in the Royal York branch of the Bank of Montreal keeping his eye on the figures.

Don McIntyre: "Junior" is now a Junior in the Royal Bank of Canada.

Jeanne Cousins: has gone away up to Bradford to keep the books straight in her uncle's dairy.

Gib Gove: Gib is now an employee of Loblaw's Ltd. saying "May I help you, madam" in the Rogers Road branch.

Hugh Pawson: Hugh seems to have found a place after his own heart. He is working in the McLennan Physics Laboratory at the University of Toronto.

Muriel Scrace: Muriel is in training at the Western Hospital, Toronto. What a great addition to the nursing profession; at least those susceptible interns think so.

Jack Metcalfe: this golden-haired Adonis is now working at the Kodak giving the girls down there a treat.

Bert and Stan Augustine: fourth form's brother act seem to have moved to Delhi, Ontario, where their father has gone into the tobacco growing business.

Mary Thompson: is now working hard sorting mail and stuff in the Woodbridge P. O.

George McKelvey: Miss Smith's language wizard attended the Turner Business College at Hamilton this summer and is now toiling in the office of the John Inglis Co.

Bill Cairns: Bill signed up with the Royal Canadian Air Force at the outbreak of hostilities this fall and is now at home awaiting word from the government to go to Trenton.

Shirley Rowland: Shirley has forsaken deah' old W. C. V. S. and is now completing the Matriculation at North Toronto C. I.

Dorothy Harrison: from away up north, is at her home up in Emery at present trying to decide on a career.

Bob Cross: Bob came to us from the wilds of Muskoka last year. This beau of Bala is now at Havelock, Ontario attending high school and working in his uncle's butcher shop.

Ivy Keown: is at home this year taking a practical course in household science.

Bessie Keown: is finishing up her education by taking a Secretarial course at Shaw's Business School.

Noreen Mobbs: is studying to be a "take a letter girl" at Shaw's Business College.

Margaret Devins: is employed at the home of Weston's national beverage "the small coke." She is in the office of the Coca-Cola plant.

Bob Stephens: Hello Bob. Where are you?

Franks Watson: is "Somewhere in England" according to the last communique.

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COMMERCIAL ALUMNI

Mary Thompson—whenever you go into the Cut Rate Meat Market, be sure to notice the cashier—that's Mary.

Joyce Franklin—seems to have obtained the position she wanted—that of secretary and nurse-maid to Dr. Hall who works at Malton.

Cliff Cooke—if ever you go to the Elms Golf Club, make sure that you look up the assistant pro—Cliff Cooke. Maybe he can assist you in some way or other.

Key Murphy—can be found working in the office of Benjamin-Moore, Paints and Varnishes. Be sure you stick strictly to business Katy.

Stanley George—can be easily found in one of those small stores in Toronto—The T. Eaton Co.

Marjorie Insley—has the occupation of a Cotton Converter for Mr. W. Robinson. She is also taking Dressmaking at Night School and as far as I know she is getting along just fine.

Dick Worgan—decided that he wasn't going to be the only boy in CIV this year so he left after the first day of school. Instead of keeping us girls company he is working for the Canadian Packers at an information desk.

Ray Mason—is now a tiller of the soil. A rumour came my way that he can also catch deer. I wonder if he has caught a d-e-a-r yet.

Johnny Kleopfer—is working for Dempster's Bread. It's too bad that you aren't a truck driver Johnny, because there would be more fair young maidens then. Or would there?

Helen Redmond—can be found at the Ausco Company, working hard.

Bill Beare can't be found at the Ausco Company (French Ivory) at all times because he is a salesman. Be sure to get lots of orders Bill, but do not stay too long at the door if a beautiful maiden opens it.

Leone Jones—is also one of last year's CIII pupils who has found employment with the Ausco Company. Leone (not pronounced Leonee) is taking Dressmaking and Short-hand at Night School.

Edith Robins—is now working for Thompson Ahearn & Company, Custom House Brokers.

Don Stevens—may often be seen pedalling a well-loaded bicycle along the streets in the neighbourhood of Weston Road and Wilson Avenue. Or perhaps you may find him helping in Stutz' Grocery Store. Don't get the orders mixed up and give Mrs. Harman's order to Mrs. Keil, Don.

Winnie Reed—might have been found in Kirby's, but not any longer. Now she is testing tubes for the General Electric. If you find that your

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CAST OF PLAY

Front Row—Evelyn Gardhouse, Audrey Dougherty, M. Mousley, P. Nadon, Grace McKinley, R. Lepingwell.

2nd Row—H. Bennett, I. Slater, E. Beale, M. Cameron, Mr. Goddard, G. Moore.

3rd Row—T. Moore, W. Taylor, R. Grosskurth, R. Watts, A. Ledingham, J. Hill.

General Electric Radio tubes have not been tested properly, blame it on Winnie.

Marjorie Hildebrand—was doing housework, but is now working in the T. Eaton Company. Were you practising for the future Marjorie?

Winnie Allen—was coming to Commercial Special but she found it more interesting at home so she left.

Jean Pacini, Betty Sainsbury, and Doris Beau are now going to Commercial Special.

Margaret Haxton and Vera Mason did come to CIV but both have left. They simply couldn't stay any longer—I wonder if her interest in the Vocational Department has left. Since she left she has found herself a book-keeping position.

We are very glad to say that most of the members have found employment.

Joseph Dobbs—is now working at the Malton Airport. Don't fly away with any of the aeroplanes.

Enid Fretz—got desperate after Hazel left and went out and found herself a position in the Kodak.

William Paris—can be found somewhere in the Bank of Montreal.

Janet Roy—is one of the workers in the C.C.M.

What do you do without Maud, Janet?

Osborne Smuck—also has a position in the C.C.M. I wonder if he is anywhere near Janet.

Sheila Thrush—is a canvasser of cosmetics now. Don't use too much of any of them on yourself Sheila.

Doug Banting—is another of our representatives who is working at the Kodak.

Bernice Pedrick—is one of the six members of this year's CIV and she is doing very well.

Helen Rowntree—did grace us with her presence for awhile but she has let us and the orchestra down by leaving. We all hope that you obtain a position very soon, Helen.

We are very sorry that *Dorothy Beardall, Maud Travis, and Hazel Taylor*, as well as others, have been unable to obtain work and have had to stay at home.

Beth Colhoun—is a worker in the Kodak factory.

Ellen Curtis—has been successful in finding a position in the office of a stone company in Georgetown.

Mary Horton—was doing housework but she is now at home. Maybe she was like Marjorie and practising for the future. Is that right Mary?

Alf Laidler—is one of the Weston Collegiate and Vocational School representatives in the Royal Canadian Air Force. Our wishes go with you, Alf.

Mary O'Sullivan—can be found working hard in the Armstrong Door Company. Are you out of that gilded cage yet Mary?

Marie Penny—has been especially successful. She is private secretary to Mr. Austin in the Ausco Company.

Kathleen Dalton—has had temporary work at the Parliament Buildings.

June Baldwin, Ethel Cooper, Dorothy Foreman, Nancy Franklin, Doris Newbold, and Myra Tiffin, are awaiting for jobs.

Employers—please note!

There are others in last year's Special Commercial and CIV whom we have not heard from and we certainly hope that they all have positions.



VOCATIONAL ALUMNI

The wheel of fortune goes round and round and where it ends up nobody knows. But this is where the Vocational Alumni steps in to tell you what happened to the graduating class of 1959. To begin with the ladies, we are very disappointed but we have been unable to find out their whereabouts. Gwen Giles, however, is doing housework.

Following up with the boys, I find that our electricians, George Moulton and Bruce Betts, are being employed at the Ferranti Electric Company. Eric Smith, I have been informed, is supposed to be a plumber's helper. We have been unable to find the whereabouts of Dave Miller. Wilson Greenwood is still at school taking advanced theory. Jim Sturgess, our sheet metallist, is working at Canada Cycle and Motor Company. Kitchen appliances is Jack Passfield's work and Ted Hamp is working part time at the Standard Cycle Products. In auto mechanics, we find that Wes Whittacker, William Beddow, William Gribben, Earl Fry, and John Kurchek are still at school. Coming to the machinists we find that Ernest Marnoch is unemployed, but Sidney Ludlow is sharpening skates down at the Ravina Rink. In closing, I wish to say that I wish these graduates and some I have not mentioned all the success and happiness they deserve in their future years.

William Bradley

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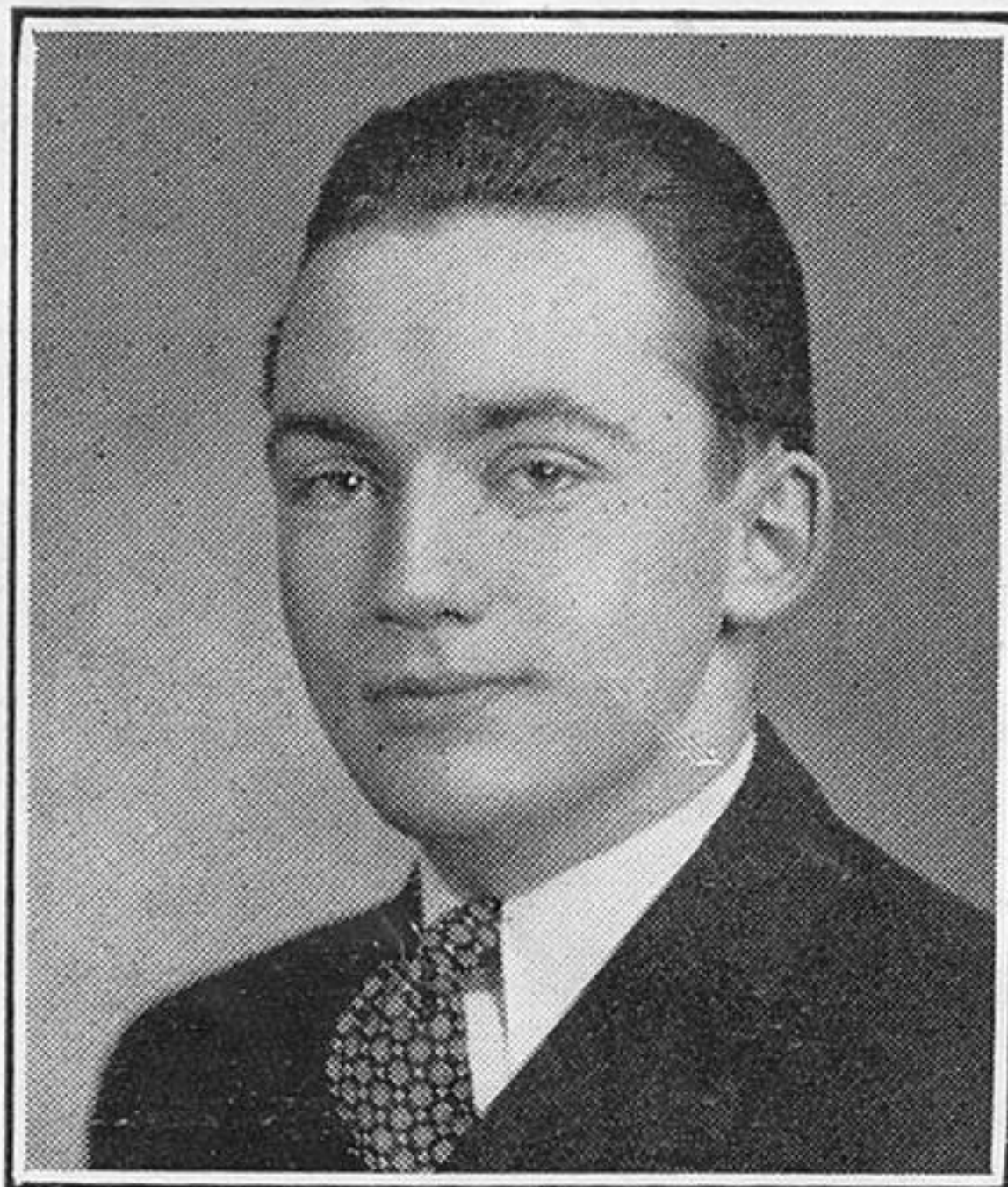
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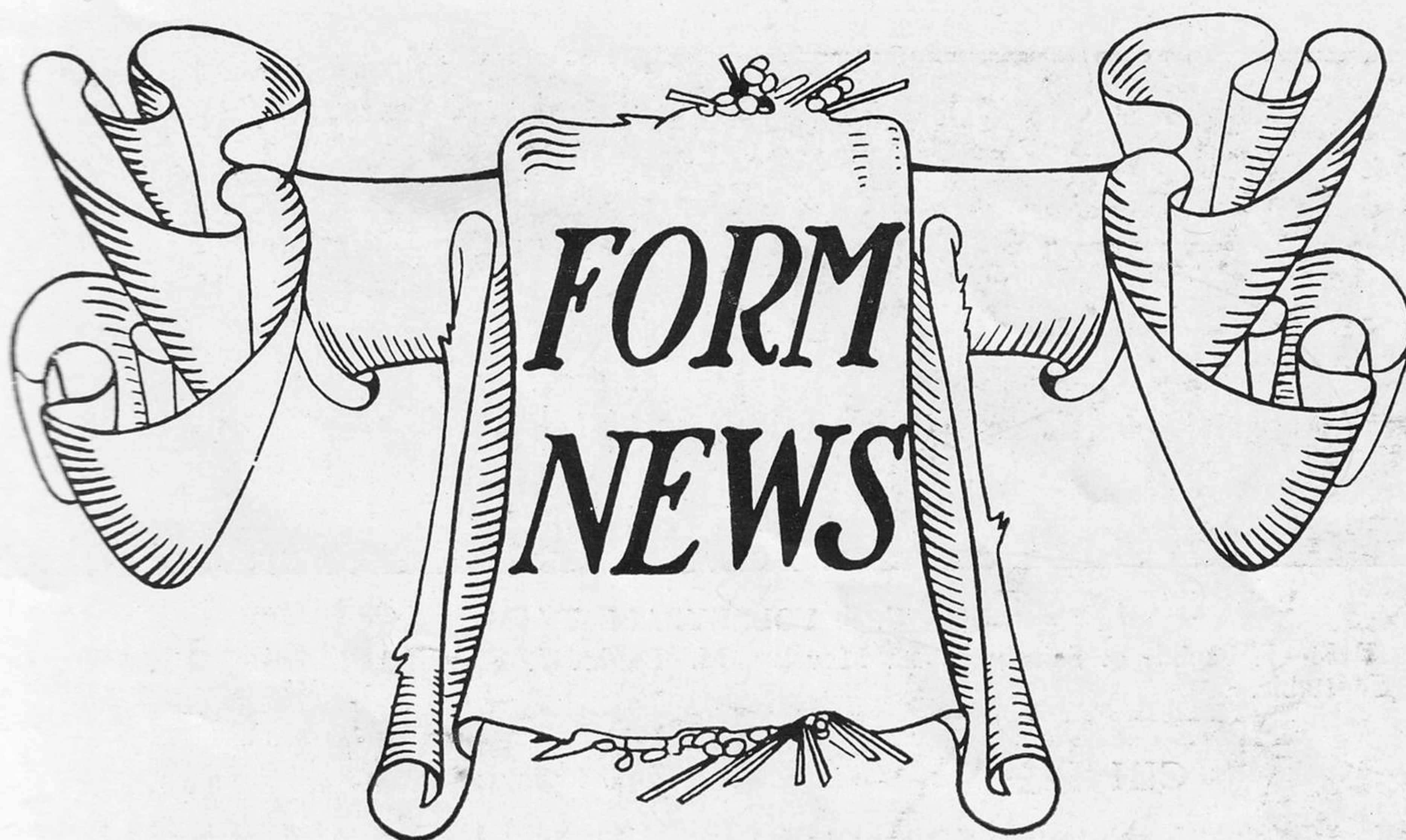


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SPECIAL COMMERCIAL

One day a body from Special "C"
 Got caught reading comics—to our great glee!
 "Up to the basket!" cried teacher, "See!
 You're lowering the standard of Special 'C'!"
 At length Hollyer pulled himself to his feet
 Up to the basket!—Back to his seat!

Little Miss Mousley—pronounced "Mose" by the way!
 Writes cute little poems the live-long day.
 She mocks "Bill" Shakespeare—Ah! What a pity!—
 With poem sonnet and dizzy ditty!
 Whereas Miss Pacini, the belle of the form,
 Receives lovely poetry from Les, the love-lorn.

Down from the North, from Woodbridge way,
 Comes the Constable "bus", 'most everyday.
 A "Constable" drives this "Black Maria"
 To the jailhouse known as Weston High-a—
 Uh! Uh! dear reader, don't frown at this story—
 We really love our Reformatory!

"Red Dear," a passenger of the Constable bus,
 Seems to prefer college boys—at least she must
 For I'm sure the "college" likes her a lot,
 Gee! I hope I'm "Wright"—tell me so if not!
 Bette, next in line, certainly is a dandy!
 When our homework's not done she comes in handy!

Marg. Banks, so they say, prefers dark men,
 Wes, of medium height, satisfies her yen,
 When she could have Brown we wonder why
 She considers Boddington—(such a *homely* guy!)—
 Oh yes!—and there's Vance!—that handsome sheik!
 Why! *dozens* of girls just *fall* at his feet!

Miss Powell's friend, an old chap named Claus,
 Must like her a lot on account of because
 He left at her house on Christmas night
 A brand new typewriter on which to type!
 Behind Rhonda sits the black-haired June
 Whom Teddy teases "just-a for foon!"

There's one girl in "S.C." who sits all day
 And dreams—You're right!—It's Daisy Mae!

We hasten to report after investigation
 Eddie Booth's the cause of her meditation.
 Between them sits Doris (typing speed sixty-five),
 She's loads of fun and every inch alive!

Let's not forget Ross, the collector of photos,
 His favourites are girls and choc'late sodas,
 "Never do today what you can do tomorrow—
 And if you can't do it then—why then, just borrow!
 This is my philosophy 'tis plain to see
 From the way my H.W. is done," quoth he.

Olga and Winnie from our form "have went",
 They were here awhile—pleasant hours with us spent.
 Lloyd Luckett likewise, needless to say,
 Has "got up and left us!"—has gone his way!
 I wish 'em luck and work mixed with fun
 And—well!—that's that!—Hurray! I'm done!

P. S.
 "What!—again?" sez you. "You're right!" sez me.
 I'd forgotten one girl—that's why, you see!
 Who's the girl who every noon I saw
 Studying her shorthand—why!—that's Joyce Shaw!
 And another thing I simply must add—
 It's to make things rhyme, that my grammar's bad!

MARGARET DUFF

CIV

Harman, Dorothy—The model girl of the class, *but* . .
 I wonder what she does when she goes down to
 the *Times and Guide* office to take the Campus
 Comment? We've never been able to find out.

Holmes, Jennie—Is there something the matter with
 Jennie's eyes or does she wink at everybody just
 to be polite?

Kavanaugh, Loretta—Guaranteed not to rip, tear, bust,
 or bag at the knees.

Mianowany, Helen—The "Oomph" girl of CIV.

Pedrick, Bernice—To all the opposite sex who are in-
 terested, "Bear Knees" is the name.

Wheeler, Alva—The one who got hooked to write this
 gossip.

ALVA WHEELER



C. S. VOLLEYBALL TEAM

Left to Right—J. Pacini, B. Sainsbury, M. Mousley, M. Banks, J. Glassford, J. Shaw, R. Powell, D. Bean, J. Constable.

CIII

On behalf of the class, I wish to take this opportunity of thanking Miss Mulholland for all that she has done for us this term, and we really do appreciate her help.

Ane braw nicht, the bonnie Scotch clans o' CAMERON and DUGAN were deep in ane o' their deadly battles wi' the LAWRENCE clan which had engaged the help o' LAMONT and LAROSE who had recently arrived frae France wi' their crew o' MOUSLEY, PAZUIK a PALLA his SONOSKY, TOKARSKI, and PETROSKY.

The nicht was BLACK and FROST-y and as it grew CALDER and calder, the battle waxed hotter and hotter, and it was hard to JUDGE just when it WOOD-END. Ane bonnie laddie, wi' e'ne o' BROWN fought bravely in the midst o' the fray. When ane mighty thrust bore the point off his blade, he joost brought doon the HILTON the enemies heid, till his teeth were sae LOOSE that they aye rattled a-BOOT.

The foe, having a fu' share o' woundit as well as deid made FORSEY, and those close tae the DECK-ERT sich a muckle moanin' and groanin' as suggested a HOLDSWORTH o' cracked skulls and bones.

The mickle Scots tae went agang hame tae MATHER, father and a' the FOULKES.

On the MORROW, mony braw DAVIES sat o'er muckle ROWNTREE—ts o' BOYLE haggis and thocht o' their bonnie LUBBERS. The BATULIS o'er and I'm cultivatin' an impediment in ma speech, sae I'll gang awa' hame, tae.

JEAN BROWN.

C2A

Jack Ashbee: is doomed to the office I fear
Unless at all times he makes haste to get here.

George Baldwin:

Without him amongst us how dull life would be
For his jokes keep us happy and merry you see.

Edgar Lenehan:

I am the one who sat writing this news
And I know that yours are the same as my views.

Bill Livings:

This is the guy that's always asking a favour
He can be seen anytime making eyes at his neighbour.

Julius Tymkowski:

Because this is the last name in the line
I hereby declare "I am going to resign."

EDGAR LENEHAN

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C2B

Joyce Anderson—the boy's heart's desire—a blonde.
 Ruth Bagnell—whose great ambition is to be beautiful.
 Jack Beardall—who has a fight with English to see who will sit in a certain seat.
 Harvey Bell—our flashy red-head from C2B, he doesn't know right from wrong.
 Norma Browne—the girl who likes making faces.
 Margaret Chard—hears nothing and tells nothing.
 Isobel Dillon—has an answer for everything no matter what it is.
 Fred English—who tries very hard to show Miss Miller that English and Shorthand are not good mixers.
 Joseph Finegan—with the deep voice who mumbles continually.
 Dorothy Greenwood—who cannot find a desk close enough to anyone; weakness is talking.
 George Inch—short and slow, a day or two is lost every week.
 Cora Julian—who tries to show how hard she can work in school.
 Ethel Kaiser—another out-of-town girl who worries what the teachers will say about homework not done.
 Evelyn Moody—the yes-girl till she gets angry, then it is anything that comes into her head.
 Jean Keating—one of our quiet members of the form.
 Agnes Nekerchuk—Mr. Anderson's A-1 pupil in English.
 Betty Maynard—who represents Woodbridge in a big way.
 Joanne McIntosh—who looks so innocent when there is trouble in the room.
 Marion McMillan—our form representative who has done a good job.
 Mary McNeil—who has one bad habit teachers don't like—talking.
 Margaret Temple—innocent and sweet who always has an excuse for homework not done.
 Roger Wallace—the grandpaw of the form.
 Audrey Walton—who only believes in high marks.
 Donald Willitts—who believes in beauty, he is always combing his hair.

C1A

Norma Boylen—Norma was the little captain of our Champion Volley-Ball Team.
 Robert (Mousie) Campbell—his favourite saying is, "May I leave the room?"
 Laura Coleman—One was a saucy little redhead.
 Edith Deadman—Edie is short and small.
 Marion Devins—Marion is so quiet that she shows the rest of us up.
 Mary Dresser—is the little blonde who sits at the back of the room.
 Mildred Evans—She'll go far, but not in talking.
 Dorothy Fox—Her great ambition is to be a singer.
 Kathleen Grace—She wants to be a singer too, but let's hope they don't get together.
 Phyllis Hillman—Phyl is our form rep.
 Doris Hook—the walking book of etiquette.
 Constance Horton—What has Connie got that gets the teacher?
 Jean Hubble—A charming little girl with big ideas.
 Hazel Hugill—Just a little jitterbug at heart.
 Dorothy Hurst—Our Junior Sports Champion.
 Faith Kloepher—She is always catching the eye of some handsome guy.
 Florence Lindsty—is a nice girl with red curls.
 Anna Martin—Are boys an attraction?
 Thelma Mattison—She's tap, tap, tapping all day long.
 Bill Milford—The tops of CIA.
 Henrietta Moore—Mae West's double.
 Wilhelmine Moore—Tall, dark and attractive.
 Lois Morrow—Is she in love or is she just dreaming?
 Betty Newbigging—Is very smart.
 Hazel Plummer—Is blonde, blue-eyed and tall.
 Helen Polly—The oomph girl of the class.
 Lorna Ridout—Hey Lorna, if you don't watch out you'll have the boards in front of IB worn out.
 Katherine Simpson—Just a chip off the old block.
 Doris Smith—She is short and fat and likes chatting.
 Dorothy Smith—Is full of grit.
 Dorothy Swiftly—Is tall and thin.
 Kenneth Thompson—Why does Ken always fall in front of the teachers?
 Margaret Thomson—Margaret's little and she's wise.
 Lily Tokarski—A sophisticated lady.



C2B VOLLEYBALL

Left to Right—B. Maynard, I. Dillon, A. Walton, E. Kaiser, D. Greenwood, R. Bagnell, M. McNeil, J. Anderson, R. Julian.

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Helen Usher—Can't anybody hush her?
 Kathleen Warn—How dull our class would be without Kay!
 Elsie Wegg—Her hearty laugh makes us all laugh.
 Norma Soper—She loves to go to the show every Wednesday.
 Muriel Yule—She is quiet in school, but it's a different story outside.
 Miss Campbell—is our form teacher and we often wonder how she keeps her patience with us.

PHYLLIS HILLMAN.

VOCATIONAL

Bill Beddow—
 His name is Bill Beddow,
 And he's a very very cheerful fellow.
 Don Farnden—Specializes in Welding (Much better for gassing).
 Earl Fry—Brought a wreck for 3 years, then brought a car to wreck.
 Wilson Greenwood—
 In V-4 he's the best electrician,
 But at home he'd be more efficient.
 Bill Gribben—Hard-headed man—but as gentle as a lamb.
 Ted Hamp—Usually here by 10.30 (Maybe because to school he must tramp.)
 John Kurchak—
 They elected him representative for the form,
 Now they wish he was never born.
 Jack Passfield—Tried to throw a pass across the field—now he cannot go up to math.
 Wesley Whittaker—
 Has fallen for someone in C-4
 (Wonder if he's done that before)
 All in all we have Hamp, Gribben,
 (Gribben was by a drill bitten)
 Beddow and Greenwood,
 (We think Beddow's head is of hard-wood)
 Then Fry and Passfield,
 (Show us anything that Fry can't wield)
 Farnden and Wes Whittaker,
 (No matter who, Farnden knows her)
 Now for Form Master—Mr. Arthur,
 We used to have Mr. McLean,
 (For the change, who can we blame?)
 And for Form Representative,
 John Kurchak

V3A

Ken Blackburn—An engineer he hopes to be.
 Charley Blay—Long and lanky is Charley Blay.
 Herb Constable—"Fancy Pants" is silent as night.
 Laurie Coo—An ambitious young man is Laurie Coo.
 Johnny Cowell—Johnny, Johnny, what don't you know?
 Fred Cribett—
 Flashy Fred with the steady foo,
 Jim jam jumps like the 'gaters do!
 Tom Downey—Life saving to him is just a new fad.
 Bill Ermel—
 Bill, you're another rugby star,
 Leave women alone and you'll go far!
 Jack Evans—
 Jack Evans that darling boy,
 Is the flat foot floogie with the floy floy!
 Fred Frost—An auto mechanic is Freddie Frost.
 Bob Grant—Lost is Bob without Bert Gray.

Henry Hales—

Henry Hales with his grumpy look,
 His life is like a boring book!

Jack Heath—An auto mechanic he's going to be.

George Jacques—

Tyrone McGable is his middle name
 And girls as you know are his favourite game!

Tom Kesteven—Tom was a flash on the senior team.

Ian Kirkland—Through fire and water he'll go for a dame.

Victor Macleod—

Handsome Victor with the vacant stare,
 Is the "little man who wasn't there!"

Murray Moulton—Murray has an innocent look??????

Earl Rider—Little Earl is a smart little man.

Stan Rycroft—Long and lanky is smiling Stan.

Alan Smales—Someday he'll invent the streamlined tin-can!

Bill Taylor—

The world is waiting for a better ash can,
 Here's where Bill does all he can.

Bill Washburn—

Bill believes in sunshine galore
 He was recently tanned through a good screen door!

George Watson—

He'll doctor your car at minimum cost,
 But don't get excited if anything's lost!

George Wilkins—Wilkins has the gift of the gab.

Norm McIntyre—A Scottish man is Norm McIntyre.

This is your form reporter, Bill Bradley, signing off,
 hoping that you won't take any of these cracks too seriously!

BILL BRADLEY.

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V3B

Adcock, Lawrence—He sure has an eye for girls.

Bannon, John—Our blonde little play boy.

Cam, William—"Ow, my tooth!"

Carter, Jack—Thinks very much of sports.??

Clough, Sid—"I betcha you can't do it!"

Cormack, Bill—Always laughing at his own jokes.

Crocker, Leslie—The comical one of the form.

Jones, Harry—He's got ? ? ?

Lloyd, Ralph—Smart, but gets all the dirty work.

Ludlow, Douglas—Always rushing somewhere. (I wonder why?)

Mageeham, Jim—Those eyes, my oh my!

Mainland, Gordon—Our music lover.

Masson, James—Always with some excuse

Miller, Charles—Says nothing, but is as sly as a fox.

Munroe, Donald—Boy! Can he croon!

Robson, Fred—When spoken to, he blushes.

Tippen, Douglas—Nearly takes off with his ears.

Wacey, Charles—Our shy glamour boy.

Walker, Thomas—Takes in all that the Lab. gives. ? ?

Warren, James—Always rushing to the machine shop.

Warwick, William—Small, but tough as a bull.

Willis, Herb—Hears all, sees all, says nothing.

Zaborowski, Chester—Always stuck to Walker, they are like two Romeos.

ALFRED LUCARELLI

V2A1

Before I begin to give you the highlights of V2A1, I would like to state that the responsibility for this column rests with the "guy" who so kindly elected this person as form representative. I hope you have better sense the next time.

STOP!! LOOK!! LISTEN!!

Three guesses why:

Roy Venner, Ford, Sharp and the others who sit at the back table in science can't keep their tongues from wagging or their feet from shuffling around.

Ken Kitley stood at the top of the class.

Red Ryder turns red so quickly.

Crowle is the "petit" pest of V2A1.

Zupena happened to own such a name.

Mr. Gemmel thinks we are such a quiet form.

Herman (Hercules), V2A1's strong man, is always trying ju-jitsu on other members of the form.

Agustinoni—the big business man, hopes some day to own a peanut wagon.

Risborough (The Kid) is the nearest image to Mortimer Snerd.

Eric Bryer is the root of all talk in V2A1.

Stewart (Little Caesar).

Ken Mather was absent from school one day before the holidays.

Why Russel Venner appears to be so quiet.

Why Bill Whitmer thinks he is Shakespeare.

How George Bryer ever got hold of the Austin he drives to school every day.

Enough of this chatter. Let us see the finer side of this great form. V2A1 first established themselves in the eyes of the school or at least in the eyes of Mr. Templeton when they showed their smoke in the Fall term.

RIDOUT.

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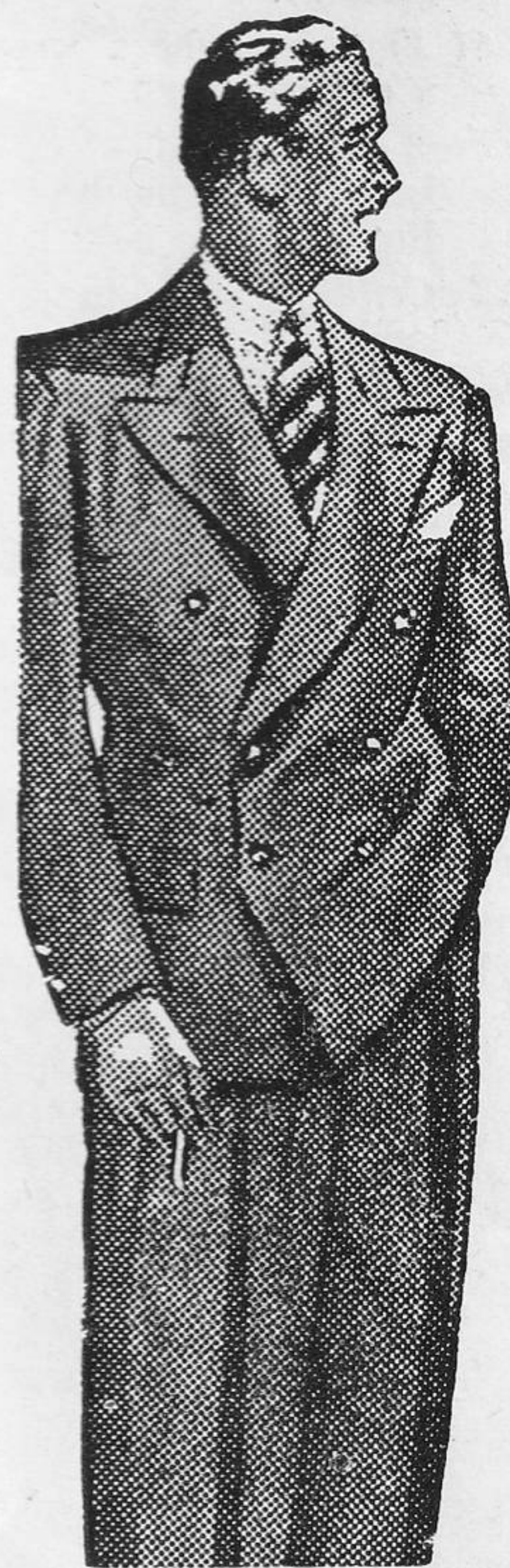
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V2A

FORM V2A WAS TOPS LAST YEAR

The vocational boys seen in this picture make up the form V2A of the term 1938-1939.

They are proud of the fact that they have taken the Lower School Championship in the four leading sports. At the start of the term they took the championship in rugby, followed by the championship in basketball. Winter came and with it came hockey. Again V2A was not to be beaten, so they calmly took the championship for hockey. After such a record throughout the year they were not going to let baseball stop them. Thus after some hard fighting they wound up the year with the championship for baseball well under control.

By their splendid team work they have probably established an all-time sports record for second form in this school.

WILLIAM BRADLEY

Jack McClelland: "Father, there's a strange man at the front door."
Mr. McClelland: "Gosh, has he a bill?"
Jack: "No, but his nose is pretty big."

V2B

NAME	AMBITION
Les Arnott	To save razor blades
Cecil Bailey	Get out of school
Eric Barry	Who knows
Ray Beesley	Midget—4' 10"
Victor Cherwinka	We wonder
Victor Everett	Doubtful
Victor Farance	Drafty
Victor Foster	School Teacher
John Garbett	To get hitched
George Garceau	To get work
C. Gordon	To be a carpenter
McLean	A wee little Wify
Jack Gordon	To come in time
Norman Gould	Politician
Eric Grimes	Musician
Richard Hallem	Inventor
Jack Hamill	Delivery boy
Nigel Harding	Sleep day and night
Graham Harper	To come in time
Alan Holder	Follow father's footsteps
Laverne Ireland	Stop growing
Arthur James	Milkman
Keith Jones	Barber
John Keffer	Farmer
Kisilowsky	Rugby star
John Korell	Athlete
David Laing	He-Man
John Lindsay	Get Married
Robert Linton	Easy job
Charles McDowell	He won't cough up
James McAuley	Retire for Life
Earl McFarland	Waiter
Edward McNeely	Bartender
Bill Mallandine	Chicken farmer
Don Maynard	Nobody knows
Adam Medon	To get Eve
Alex. Menzies	Athlete
Bill Miller	Milkman
Walter Marks	Stay on a Horse
Jim Wilkins	A soldier
Wilbert Tayles	To learn
Phillip Mangoff	No more lates

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V2C

Edward Berry—Suspected source of Blum's good marks.
Aleck Bilco—One corner of the Bilco-Blum-Berry infernal triangle.

Bill B(l)um—A combination of Rembrandt, Shakespeare, and Rube Goldberg.

Allan Boocock—Chatterbox. Mr. Ellison should isolate this germ.

Allan Boot—The thin man. He is tough, though.

Dennis Bowers—Owner-operator of the B. B. C. (Bowers Broadcasting Company)

Tom Nadon—Who has discovered a promising poet named Keats Shelley Browning.

Ray Nothrop—The boy with the seven-league boots.

Don Nunn—Frequently arrives in second period. Does he crawl to school?

Dave Phillips—Little Butch.

Harold Phillips—He has no bad features.

Ken Phillips—Companion of Watson. Suspected consumer of coffin nails.

Jack Pinnell—Boasts little, speaks little, knows???

Fred Pridmore—Who wears Li'l Abner's boots.

Wilbert Pringle—A heavy weight who rides to school on his thumb.

Bill Redsell—He forgot to wash in Lux, and shrank.

Kenneth Rose—"Geranium" a saucy sprout from V2C.

George Seabrook—"Seahorse". He is the leader and loves it.

Harry Sewell—Who is often on the receiving end of Mr. Leuty's blackest books.

Wilf Stevens—He's handsome in a muscular way.

Ken Stewart—"Stew"

Steve Stratapetti—Tall, blonde, and ask any girl.

Edgar Thomas—The little man in the big breeches. Renfrew-w-w!

Ken Tiffin—He stands too close to the ground.

George Treble—Never trouble Treble and he won't trouble you.

Albert Turner—Who has to Turner round (turn around) to Bilco whenever the math. gets hard.

Art Wainwright—Our somnambulist (I'll bet he has to look it up).

Jack Wallace—Whose red hair is just some of his dynamite overflowing.

Joe Washburn—"Washy" just washed his hair and can't do a thing with it.

Russell Watson—Champion ploughman of Keokuk County.

Bill West—East is east and west is west, but he goes on forever.

Cecil Wharton—He thinks he's a whiz. Fizz is the word.

Herb Wilkinson—The little man who isn't here.

Gordon Wilson—When he whispers in 104 they can hear him in 103.

Bill Worthington—Who has filled several library cards already.

Lloyd Yeatman—Who was so busy growing up that he forgot to grow out.

Jack Offredi—Your reporter, who is leaving at once for an indefinite stay in Siberia.

JACK OFFREDI

Pete Duthie: "I always shout "fore" when I'm going to hit the ball."

Caddie: "How do you know when you're going to hit it?"

VIA

Len Brown—Len has an answer no matter what the question is.

Ralph Brown—Ralph very seldom speaks unless he has something to say.

Bob Drummond—"What is this strange power I have over women?"

Ken Cooper—"Er—uh I couldn't get a lift sir."

Ray Chappell—Hears all, sees all, knows nothing.

Stan Buck—"Now you'se boys, pay your athletic fees."

Mike Andrassy—"Aw come on Buck, let me be quarter-back."

Frank Dorney—"Come on girls let's play tag."

Jack Beal—He gets his attendance marked in VIA, but we never see him the rest of the day.

Earl Campbell—"When Mr. Leuty wants the correct answer."

Ed. Armstrong—"Shouldn't I get another mark here, sir?"

George Brown—"The little lad who wasn't there."

Ken Cassidy—The one who keeps the weaker sex laughing.

Wally Chappell—He enjoys himself no matter what period he is in.

Lloyd Attridge—Loves to fool in Business Practice; result—a detention.

Bill Cameron—He's a farmer's son, but don't let that fool you.

Albert Adair—"But sir, I have three other detentions tonight."

Andy Buchanan—Our Andy is a quiet, red-faced fellow in school, but . . . !

Vernon Cole—Why do all the girls fall for him?

Charlie Aitken—"Oh! I just know I won't pass."

Gordon Drewe—Romeo of VIA. Don't believe it? Ask the girls.

Victor Borrow—Our Victor has brains but just can't seem to use 'em.

George Atkinson—This lad has looks, charm, glamour, brains, and so on.

Ernest Flemming—A real answer to any girl's dream.

Jimmie Ball—Here today, here tomorrow; in fact here all week.

Jack Crossley—"This is my desk; get away or I'll . . . !"

Fred Carter—"I just couldn't get it, sir."

Tom Allen—Tommie considers himself a wit. Well, he's half right.

Arthur Crisp—Last but . . . but, oh you know!

Ross Evans—This boy is going to forget and leave himself in the locker some day.

Frank Cowell—Charming combination of brain and muscle. "Is that worth a piece, Frankie?"

Jim Bell—"Oh! Oh! I've lost my locker key! What shall I do?"

James Faulds—"Mother may I go out tonight?"

Jack Cann—Our Jackie has a knack of doing his work right.

Albert Cancellii—One of the very few handsome students in VIA. "Right, Abby?"

Art Ferguson—"Arthur has a brain but . . . but where?"

FRANK COWELL

LOOSE NUTS IN VIC

Art McCarthy—Quite plump.
Sid Linsky—Man about class?

William McDonald—"I can't write a letter sir!"

Fred Mancini—Kinda quiet.

Reg. Martin—The first absentee.

William Martin—The second absentee.

Mathew Maskell—The Business Practice Fiend.

Frank Mason—"Hey Tom. What's the answer to this question?"

Tom Mason—"That's just what I was going to ask you!"

Don McBride—Quarantined lad.

Tom McBride—Always asking foolish questions.

Jerry McKay—"Am I late sir?"

Ken McNight—Sort of quiet!!!

Melvil McNeely—Gosh he's cute!

Frederick Wright—A little guy!

Charles Mead—Has lots to say but doesn't say it!

John Medon—Always talking to somebody.

Lloyd Miller—Hails from Nashville!!

Norm Miller—Same thing!!

James Mitchell—Quite muscular!

John Mitchell—Here to-day, gone to-morrow!!!

Alf Moss—The cartoonist!!!

Ken Nash—Just a guy!

Henry Natalie—Look him over girls!!!!

John Nekechuk—Not very tall, not very dark not very handsome.

Ken O'Brien—Visits us once in a while.

Lloyd Odell—The automotive fiend.

George Palla—Sees all, hears all—thats all!!!

Alan Palmer—He'll pass!

George Parker—Did you see his ears on that cold morning?

Alex Patrick—Never know he's here!

Floyd Pearce—Not the song?

John Peters—Short, dark, kinda handsome!!!

James Peters—Wanna fight!

Charles Phillips—He's from Woodbridge.

Bill Phipson—He's smart!!!

Douglas Platt—Tall, dark, ?

George Potter—Look at the way he parts his hair!

Derrick Poulter—Copies from Desmond.

Desmond Poulter—Copies from Derrick.


Tom Powell—The Evil Eye!!

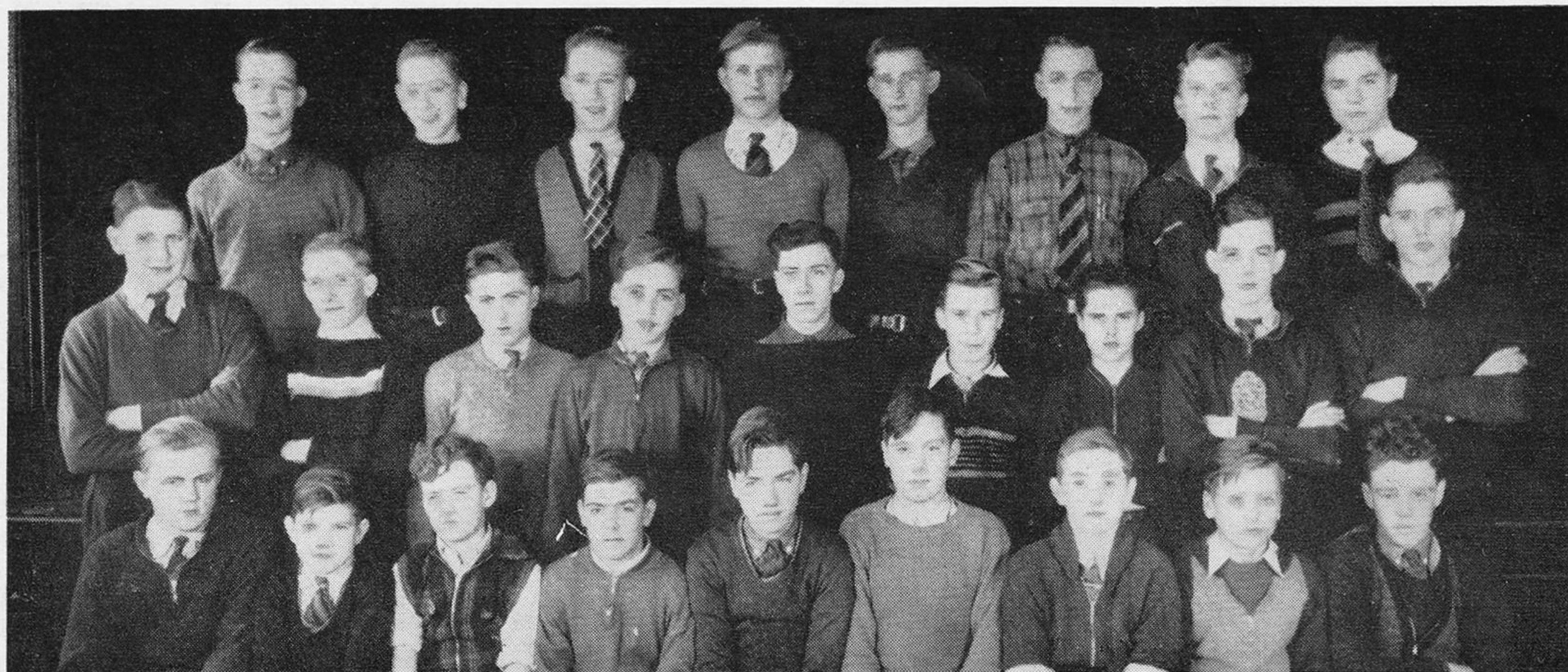
Harry Ray—Hoot Mon!!!

James Ralph—He's the silent type!!!

John Thorpe—Always minds his own business!

Paddle—Anything to oblige!!!

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GROUP LEADERS—BOYS' INDUSTRIAL DEPARTMENT

Back Row—Harold Phillips, Allan Holder, Gordon Foster, Ches. Zaborowski, Chas. Blay, Ian Kirkland, Ralph Lloyd, Fred Lucarelli.

Middle Row—Harry Carruthurs, Gordon Dodgson, Ed. McNeely, Bruce Risebrough, Bill West, Dennis Bowers, Tom Mason, Doug. Platt, Allen Ruelens.

Front Row—Art McCarthy, Fred Wright, Don Ross, Howard Inch, Don Luckhurst, Alf Lyall, Vern Cole, Mike Andrassy, Stan Buck.

Not in Picture—Eric Gordon, George Wallace, Ken Mather, Bill Ermel, Wes. Whittaker, Ralph Brown, Barry Wilson, Adam Medon, Bill Blum, Jack Heath, Bill Warwick, John Cowell.

VID

J. A. Smith: "Have you heard Mr. Thompson is engaged to a girl?"

R. Sye: "Oh, really!"

J. A. Smith: "No. O'Riley!"

—ooo—

The boys of VID say Triance does so much talking you could put a doughnut in his mouth and he'd talk through the hole.

—ooo—

K. Robinson is Joe E. Brown the second.

—ooo—

J. Ross (New Student): "Good morning Mr. Harris."

Teacher: "Why do you call me Mr. Harris?"

J. Ross: "Because I don't know your name."

Teacher: "Well it's Mr. Scott."

—ooo—

If G. Miller came to school early instead of being late every morning we'd get a holiday.

—ooo—

Dr. Henry: "Good you have no temperature now."

Don Scott: "No, Nurse just took it."

Why is it all the girls sit with Ernie Ring in the back of the bus?

G. Slack is Mortimer Snerd's twin, or his shadow.

—ooo—

I. Saunders: "I don't want to stay in school. I feel ill."

Mr. Scott: "Where do you feel ill?"

I. Saunders: "In school. I feel better outside."

—ooo—

How to keep your youth: VID's advice is don't introduce him to your girl friends.

—ooo—

L. Samuels arrived at school an hour late.

Mr. Scott: "What is the meaning of this?"

L. Samuels: "Well it was like this. I squeezed the tube of toothpaste too much and it took a half hour to get the stuff back into the tube."

—ooo—

E. Wilson had a frightful black eye.

J. A. Smith: "How did you get it?"

E. Wilson: "You know that charming looking girl across the hall."

J. A. Smith: "Yes."

E. Wilson: "And you know her young man went down south."

"Well he isn't."

ASK FOR - - -

THOSE DELICIOUS
CHARLIES YEAST DONUTS
 AT THE CAFETERIA
 and
 ALL LUNCH COUNTERS

Academic News

VA

"VA REVUES OF 1940"

Producer—Mr. Worden.

—When people's ideas are in harmony, they can act in concert.

Director—Mr. Jeffrey.

—In music it's a chord—in domestic harmony it's accord.

Musical Conductor—King Lindsay.

—A level head is one that carries on despite excitement.

Cameraman—Maurice Bent.

—All of us shepherd a flock of ideas.

Scenery—Bill Cairns.

—The darkest hours are always just before the dawn of a new romance.

STARRING—The Jeffrites.

Watts, Richard—As the Modern Romeo.

—No matter how fed up you may be with speeches, after dinner speakers sandwich in a few words.

Tyler, Lorne—Representing the great R.C.A.F.

—An airman rides the air-waves, a hitch-hiker airily waves the rides.

Thornton, Ernie—As the Bicycle Mercury.

—It's too bad you can't use insecticide on your friend's buggy ideas.

Snyder, Bill—As the tall, dark and ? hero from "Mr. Snyder Goes to Town".

—Before it wears out a care usually gives you a run for your money.

Smart, Pauline—As Polly Benedict in "Andy Hardy Gets Spring Fever".

—Hand-knitted dresses are precious because they're made of purls.

Silman, Joan—As our great mathematicianess.

—The feature of a woman's world that is most popular is the date-line.

Sartell, John—As a grown-up Baby Snooks. ("Why Mr. Armstrong?")

—The furrowed field produces a crop of grain; the furrowed brow, a crop of ideas.

Ring, Audrey—As Queen of the Five Pins.

—Dancing eyes are apt to accompany foot-loose hearts.

Richardson, Elsie—As the do-ra-mi-fa-so-la-ti-do Queen.

—There's a modest violet in every daisy chain.

Orr, Douglas—As a budding candid camera fiend.

—The only rub about rugby showers is getting dry.

Orr, Dorothy—As the heroic nurse, Edith Cavell.

—Beauty is feminine lightning, it's made for a striking appearance.

Norris, Velma—As the grown-up "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm".

—Women save their best tricks for the magic moments of love and the light of love flames brightly when a girl finds her match.

Moore, Terry—Edgar Bergen's "Dummy" McCarthy.

—An idea that puts a bee in your bonnet must be a honey.

Lepingwell, Rosemary—Bette Davis eyes, J. Durante nose, Martha Raye mouth.

—When a woman's tied and gagged, she's bound to keep still.

Lepingwell, Monica—As our 1940 Miss Canada.

—A girl has to be on her toes to acquire polish and a certain amount of polish helps nail a man.

Ledingham, George—As Bulldog Drummond and an All-Canadian star.

—The Olympic Games give a boy a chance to get on the track of fame.

Lawrence, Ed—As Douglas Fairbanks, Junior.

—Your dislike of a picture is most positive when it's negative of flattery.

Hill, Jack—As Weston's table tennis champion.

—A dentist ought to be a good soldier—he's expert at drilling.

Higgins, Harvey—King of the Five Pins.

—You bank on a good time when you know you will not be checked up.

Hayes, Margaret—As the always smiling, willing to help, extra.

—Sprinkle existence with delights to reap a harvest of happiness.

Grosskurth, Bob—As Einstein.

—When you moon over a girl you have a heavenly time.

Cuthbertson, Noreen—As Weston's Brain-Child.

—Diplomas are like thermometers—they register high degrees.

Cooper, Harry—"Scatterbrain".

—Tart comments often express half-baked opinions.

Church, Phyllis—As the second Ginger Rogers.

—In childhood it's hide and go seek; in fur coat season it's go seek the hides.

Carter, Doreen—As the "oomph" girl of 1940.

—Burning the candle at both ends is less wicked than wasted wick.

Bushell, Arthur—As Weston's Brawn Child.

—The medal goes to those who never meddle in others' affairs.

Boddington, Jim—Hero of the Thursday night league.

—You usually catch on after you've been caught.

Best, Jean—"Sing a Song of Sunbeams."

—The first thing a co-ed studies is how to be in a class by herself when it comes to looking smart.

Beardall, Don—As the executive type.

—You will never outlaw the girl who steals your heart.

Avery, Burt—Small, blonde and handsome.

—Grave quarrels end when you bury the hatchet.

Arthur, Bessie—Heroine from "Broadway Melody of 1940".

—Dancers are always within two feet of success.

Armstrong, Pat—As red-headed dynamite.

—The 3 a.m. homecoming is attended by the dawn of fear of criticism.

Allatt, Douglas—As the up-and-coming manager of A. and P.

—When you have to wait for a person, you give undue weight to the delay.

ROSEMARY LEPINGWELL

VB

Flash—

Our form teacher is Miss Smith. If you don't think that's something to get pleasurably excited about, you don't know Miss Smith.

First Impressions—

My word a Duchess no less! Oh, Evelyn Gardhouse. . . I don't care if Eddie Rushbrook is handsome and a swell guy—he's got no right to be that clever. . . I don't think I ever heard so much noise all in one hall—isn't it fun? . . . Oh rugby's exciting alright, but gosh, don't they hurt themselves? . . . Now look here, I realize biology's biology and a jolly good thing too—but after all—snakes!! Well . . . Isn't that rink gorgeous. . . this is a swell school!

Note—Whoever says three cheers for Miss Smith is a piker, she deserves at least ten.

Hazel Graham—Her eyes have the glance of sunlight, as it brightens the blue sea-waves.

Dorothy Dovey—Her manner has not that repose
Which marks the caste of Vere de Vere,
But she's cute. Ain't she?

Mary Leuty—Mary's adorable face gives the lie to her astringent wit.

Grace McKinley—Whee-y-ooo-oo-o!!!

Mac Hall—“Sorry fellows, but I've got a meeting.”

Frances Packham—A ready smile, a business-like demeanour, a good biology note-book—in short, a swell girl.

Edith Brigham—Tall, pretty and lovable. What more could you ask?

Orpha Farr—All smiles and good nature—even in new clashes with Shakespeare and geometry.

Fern Berry—This cold-blooded creature spears grasshoppers with her compasses in biology class. Fern has a devouring ambition to be a doctor.

Walter Taylor—What's McCarthy got that Walter hasn't got?

Favourite Remarks—

Miss Wattie—“You must learn your memory work—or else.”

First Former—“Please where's the gym?”

Betty Scott—“Oh fudge.”

Ray Dunster—“Would you go through that question again, sir?”

Mr. Armstrong—“If you don't know your theorems how can you do your deductions?”

Bill Hill—“I had slight difficulty with the first, second, third, fourth and fifth, sir.”

Grace McKinley—“I forgot my locker key.”

Mac Hall—“Sorry fellows, I've got a committee meeting.”

Dorothy Dovey—“Giggle, giggle.”

Mr. Jeffrey—“Didn't anybody get that question?”

Orpha Farr—“How's the international situation?”

Pat Nadon—“My love-life's gone away.”

Confucius Say—

Walter Taylor—“He who bet on crooked horse race get taken for ride.”

Olive Widenham—“Man who go on trip to hear political speech ‘Gone With The Wind’.”

Beryl Rees—“He who accept blind date gets prune.”

Esther Beale—“Beware of beauty expert for she be pan-handler.”

Evelyn Gardhouse—“Man who slings mud loses ground.”

Lorne Cousins—“Man who sit on tack better off.”

Bill Proctor—“Man who spend all time at pool-table end up behind 8 ball.”

Miss Smith—“Silence may be golden, but sometimes just plain yellow.”

How VB Makes Modern History—

Lorne Cousins passing the chewing gum to the consternation of Mr. Jeffrey.

Verna Wilson dreaming her starry way through geometry period.

Fern Berry knowing her French, but you never guess it.

Mabel Hill looking charmingly apprehensive in biology period.

Hazel Graham flashing those gorgeous Alice blue eyes most effectively.

Mary Leuty's astringent wit livening up the dull moments that come even to slap-happy VB.

Frances Packham with her ready smile.

Edith Brigham pretty and lovable.

Grace McKinley causing a sensation and no wonder.

Audrie Dougherty—“Well if this year's *Conning Tower* isn't history—blame Hitler!!”

PAT NADON



KNITTING CLUB EXECUTIVE

Standing—P. Church, F. Packam, E. Aitchison, A. Ring, B. Arthur.
Seated—Miss Coburn.

IVA

Edith Aitchison
In school she seems to be quite quiet,
However this isn't her steady diet.

Frances Allan
Frances is a real Scottish lass,
The way she works she's sure to pass.

Phyllis Boylen
In appearance she's dark and tall
And her schoolwork's not bad at all.

Dorothy Brown
The perfect pupil is Dorothy Brown
And with her schoolwork she "goes to town."

Margaret Cameron
Does she seem fond of boys ? ?

Marian Canning
Her complexion's the envy of every girl in the class
And into fifth form she surely will pass.

Ruth Dancey
She's the girl who talks so low
But with the boys she's not so slow.

Dorothy Ehnes
Dorothy is a brilliant young lass
She always stands first in the class.

Nancy Forgie
Her figure-skating's worth a prize
And she is easy on the eyes.

Joyce Forster
A talkative girl is our lively Joyce,
All around the room one can hear her voice.

Jean Hall
Although she is a quiet lass
She gets around with plenty of dash.

Eleanor Henry
With news and views she keeps in touch
We wonder how she does so much.

Betty Hylton
Busy Betty is always late
The teachers can't determine her fate.

Helen Mallaby
Helen is blue-eyed and blond
Of her the boys seem to be fond.

Eleanor Martin
Although she carries on quite a chatter
She says a lot that doesn't matter.

Margaret Mowbray
A smiling student is Margaret
She works steadily all the long day.

Isobel Nixon
A hard-working student is our Isobel
For every teacher she works very well.

Elva Whiteside
A cheery girl is Elva Whiteside
Of life she looks upon the bright side.

Lloyd Bailey
A debonair chap is Lloyd Bailey
He excels in Geometry daily.

Jim Blayney
At Chemistry this lad's a wonder
He never seems to make a blunder.

David Duthie
Pete must look on 4A with disdain
For long with us he doesn't remain.

Glen Graham
A quiet young fellow is Glen
He likes to express his thoughts with a pen.

Bud Hildebrand
He's really a flash in hockey
Although he isn't the least bit cocky.

Kjeld Jensen
Although Kjeld is a newcomer here
He certainly brought a lot of good cheer.

Dudley Johnson
He has such lovely red cheeks
He must have been in the sun for weeks.

Harold Lenehan
A funny young fellow is "Ace".
He just sits and stares into space.

Wesley Lynd
A roaming fellow is Wesley Lynd
We often wonder what form he's in.

Ken O'Hara
To argue is his great delight
He's often wrong but seldom right.

Hibbard Paine
Herbacious Paine is always on time,
Although he arrives very close to nine.

Ken Reeves
He helped the rugby a lot this year.
And are we glad to have him here!

Ken Richardson
In hockey and rugby he's quite a flash
And with the women he makes quite a splash.

Frank Topper
A witty friend is our dear Frank
He's always up to some new prank.

Roy White
Roy has from us long been away
Now he's back, we hope he will stay.

J. STENHOUSE

This idea of hanging mistletoe at Christmas isn't so good. There are too many girls who stand under it and not enough boys who understand it.

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Evening's Entertainment*

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Weston Theatre

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apply to the Registrar, Victoria College, Toronto**

4B

Teacher—Mr. Armstrong.

"It's a Hap-Hap-Happy Day"

Barton, Ross—"Jumpin' Jive"

Beale, David—"Gone With The Wind"

Best, Ann—"Simple and Sweet"

Bilyk James—"High, Wide and Handsome"

Boake, Mary—"So Rare"

Brown, Hazel—

Pearson, Frances—"Three Little Fishes"

Brownlee, Isabel—

Burslem, Kenneth—"Careless"

Butler, Esmond—"Heigh-Ho, Heigh-Ho"

Cameron, Douglas—"What Is This Thing Called Love"

Cameron, Marjorie—"Someday My Prince Will Come"

Campbell, Douglas—"The Campbells are Coming"

Canning, Patricia—"They're Playing Ten Pins in the Sky." (218)

Ferguson, John—"Oh, Johnny. Oh, Johnny"

Gowland, Wilbert—"The Song Of The Metronome"

Hylton, Robert—"Scots Wa Hae"

Johnston, Lulu—"Lookie, Lookie, Here Comes Cookie"

Jordan, Stuart—"Wake up and Live"

Kidd Gordon—"The Lady's In Love With You"

Lawrence, Bruce—"You've Got To Be A Football Hero"

Lowery, Jean—"I Wanta Be In Winchell's Column"

Lynskey, William—"If I only Had A Brain"

NcNeil, Stanley—"Sunrise Serenade"

Mattin, Leslie—"The Little Man Who Wasn't There"

Moffatt, Mary—"Home on The Range"

Moore, Garth—"Till The Clock Strikes Three"

Morrow, Donald—"To-morrow Night"

Russell, Margaret—"Maggie"

Seal, Douglas—"Lazy Bones"

Skelton, Harry—"Mr. Ghost Goes To Town".

Wakeman, Fred—"Scatter Brain"

Ward, Jacy—"Flyin' High"

Wardlaw, Harold—"El Rancho Grande"

Weech, Lloyd—"Stop and Reconsider"

Wilkes, Jack—"Underneath The Spreading Chestnut Trees"

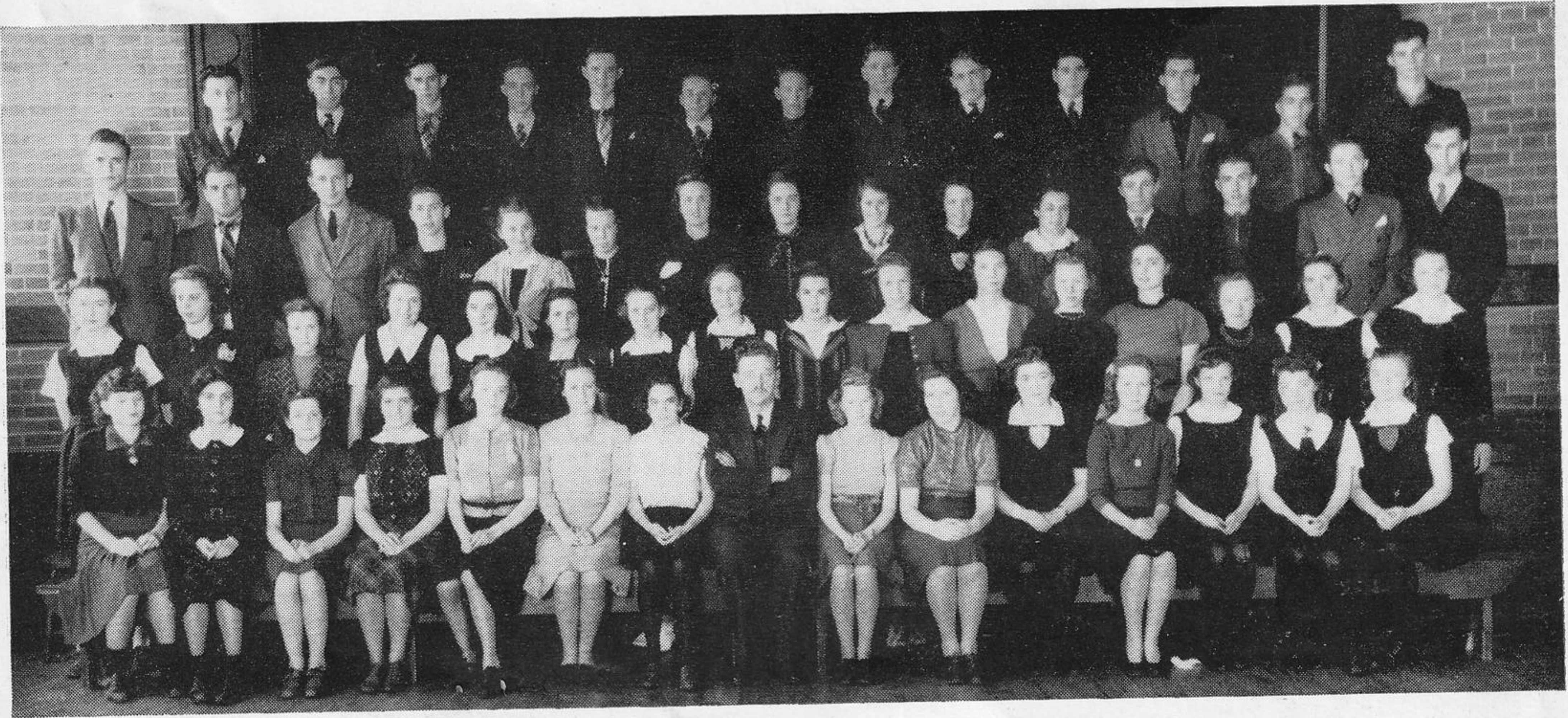
Hanley, Bennett—"Goody Good-Bye"

HANLEY BENNETT

A chap was trying to dodge military service.

"I'm afraid my short-sightedness will prevent my doing any actual fighting," he said.

The M. O. replied cheerfully, "That's O.K. old chap. We've got special trenches for the short-sighted ones. Right up close to the enemy—you just can't miss 'em."



GLEE CLUB

IIIA

- Miss Eadie—not only an ideal teacher, but a special friend to all in the form
- Lorna Fraser—can pronounce Rimsky-Korsakoff without fracturing a crescendo.
- Kay Keown—When it comes to brains, It's Kay who reigns.
- Marg. Grose—Read her exciting articles in the Campus Comment each week (Advt.)
- Grace Norman—English is just another "Norman Conquest", to her.
- Betty Irwin—Poor Liz was found trying to decline an equation.
- Joan Eccles—Just a whiz at badminton.
- Mary Orr—When "In The Mood" she's a "Careless" "Scatterbrain".
- Shirley Kingdom—professional desk-pad carrier.
- John Armstrong—a gneiss fellow, but he takes too much for granite.
- Dean Newton—as Hon. Newton once say, "a whispered answer concealeth a multitude of mistakes."
- Johnny Watts—Rose to great heights in interform rugby when he kicked on his own 20 yard line.
- Paul Sears—responsible for all the jokes in the room.
- Jim MacDonald—Bob Silman and Albert Keenan are striking examples of the law: a pupil continues in a state of rest unless compelled by some infernal source to change that state.
- Bruce Train—An Algebra problem hasn't a fighting chance against him.
- Jack McLelland—gets his high jumping skill from clearing fractions.
- Wally Pidgeon—a Pidgeon is a person which occupies a desk farther away from anybody than anyone else.
- Grant Cross—Popular because of his "sax" appeal.
- Ivor Barrymore Slater—travels incognito to avoid talent scouts.
- Donald Shier—keeps the classroom conversation from lagging.

Gerrard O'Sullivan—Statistics: If all Jerry's jokes were laid end to end someone would have to open a window in Singapore.

Bruce McLure and Keith Wardlaw—two stalwarts who hail from somewhere above the tree belt.

Cannings—like wombats travel in pairs; Reg and Elmer also keep our Algebra average from plunging into bottomless depths.

BERT IRWIN

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P. E. Richardson

E. N. Boom

IIIB

For two weeks the "rep" tried to write form news,
 She thought of each student from different views,
 She wrote a line, a verse, a story
 To show each student in his own reflecting glory.
 She handed it in and "they" handed it back,
 So she tried it all from a different attack.
 Now III B's form news is finally done
 And let me tell you, "kids", it ain't any fun.

Shirley Cousins—sweet n' shy.
 Junior Boddington—little tough guy.
 Murray Savoy—brawn and muscle.
 Shirley Dixon—nary a rustle.
 Edgar Newman—quite subdued.
 Dana Duthie—"In The Mood".
 Don Moore—"I'm havin' fun".
 Doris Irwin—"Got your home-work done?"
 Beth Hawken—"But I don't understand".
 Bob Huson—"I'll beat the band".
 Myrtle La Rose—"Home On The Range".
 Frank Martin—"This work is all so strange".
 Jean Dick—just like a doll.
 Jack Skinner—"Ah, I'm not so small".
 Jack McLeod—to you just "flash".
 Marion Ord—we call her "dash".
 Bob Lawrence—"uh, pardon sir?"
 Cherry Watts—makes a piano purr.
 Melba Osland—"Deep In A Dream."
 Helen Phillips—watch her steam.
 Bob Roos—the orchestra would be lost without
 Bob's "sax".
 Barbara Powell—in her work is never lax.
 Jim Saye—a brainy lad inclined to be bright.
 Audrey Tilston—"Oh to sleep all day and dance
 all night."

Mildred Young—"I'll keep them gessin'."
 Florence Screen—"Oh, what a lesson."
 For Aileen Scott I've got no rhyme,
 I'm the "rep" responsible for each line.
 A. Scott.

IIIC

AMBITION

Miss Richardson—Thoroughness.
 Frances Agar—To be a teacher.
 Mary Brownlee—To be a nurse.
 Jessie Browning—To be an opera singer.
 Douglas Byers—To be just like brother Ross.
 Dora Cameron—To see the Hollywood stars.
 Bill Cornish—Who knows???
 Annie Corless—To be an Evangelist.
 Gerald Carey—To be a bell hop.
 Leigh Cairns—To be an ardent lover.
 Fred Cousins—To be another Tschaikowski.
 Ola Egan—To own a yellow roadster.
 John Gale—To become another Richard Greene.
 Betty Lindsay—To become an interior decorator.
 Alex Ledingham—To join the General Electric.
 Andy MacGregor—None.
 Russell MacNaughton—To become a Latin teacher.
 Mary MacCouley—To become a movie star.
 Monty MacKague—To become manager of the
 Dominion.
 Ken MacKague—To be a millionaire.
 Peter Marks—Rugby hero.
 Ken Rowntree—To be an office boy.
 Jim Stevens—To become a Mathematician.
 John Thompson—To be a ladies' man.
 Margaret Wright—To marry a lawyer.
 Fred Wright—To catch the bus.

JESSIE BROWNING



UNIVERSITY OF WESTERN ONTARIO

LONDON, CANADA

It is certain that at the close of the conflict between the Allies and Germany, which began on September 3rd, 1939, there will be an overwhelming demand for scientifically educated men and women. Thousands of trained men in a wide range of professional categories will be required for reconstruction purposes.

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IIA

These cracks are the author's own and Form II A can in no way be held responsible for them.

Miss Buell—Our form teacher tries her best to reform us, and says that even though we behave rather peculiarly sometimes, she is sure we mean well.

Joyce Boylen—If only I could study like Trigger doesn't and still get such wonderful marks!

Elaine Case—Why does she sit in the first front seat by the door?

Helen Castator—Helen is rather quiet, but she's a swell girl.

Jean Clark—Jean is quiet in school too. (Except in English class)

Wilma Day—Boy, how Wilma loves her Math.!

Elizabeth Douglas—Remember how quiet Elizabeth was last year?

Pearl Elphinstone—Pearl is the girl who warms the cockles of Miss Buell's heart by answering questions in English.

Norine Grainger—A quiet, subdued little creature(?)

Isobel Hales—Talking, singing and good sportmanship.

Helen Jennett—Just a quiet girl!

Joan Livings—Joan's note-books are all perfect and her homework is always done.

Gay Laing—One half of our hundred percenters in Math.

Winnie McKague—Freda is our Athletic Representative and captain of the volley-ball team.

Muriel Mac Naughton—Muriel is small and full of generosity.

Mary McArthur—Mary surprised everyone by the quick way in which she caught on to Latin.

Elizabeth Hastings—An all-round good sport and piles of fun is Bette.

Helen Nelson—One of our best scholars and a strong arguer in debates.

Margerite Harrison—Those Latin tongue twisters get all of us down, especially Margerite.

Margurite Pidgeon—Curly!

Jean Phillips—Her quietness yet jolliness should be an inspiration to the rest of the form.

Audrey Rees—Sis is small and dark with big brown eyes.

Kathleen Parrick—The "Not-Mouse" is our Prime Minister in History.

Doris Ring—She packs an awful wallop in baseball and volleyball!

Helen Wilkes—Wilkie has turned out to be a friend at Geometry.

Barbara Taylor—Barbara is new to Weston but she catches on très vite.

Margaret Galbraith—Her pleasant personality and laugh are pleasing to all.

MARY MCARTHUR

IIB

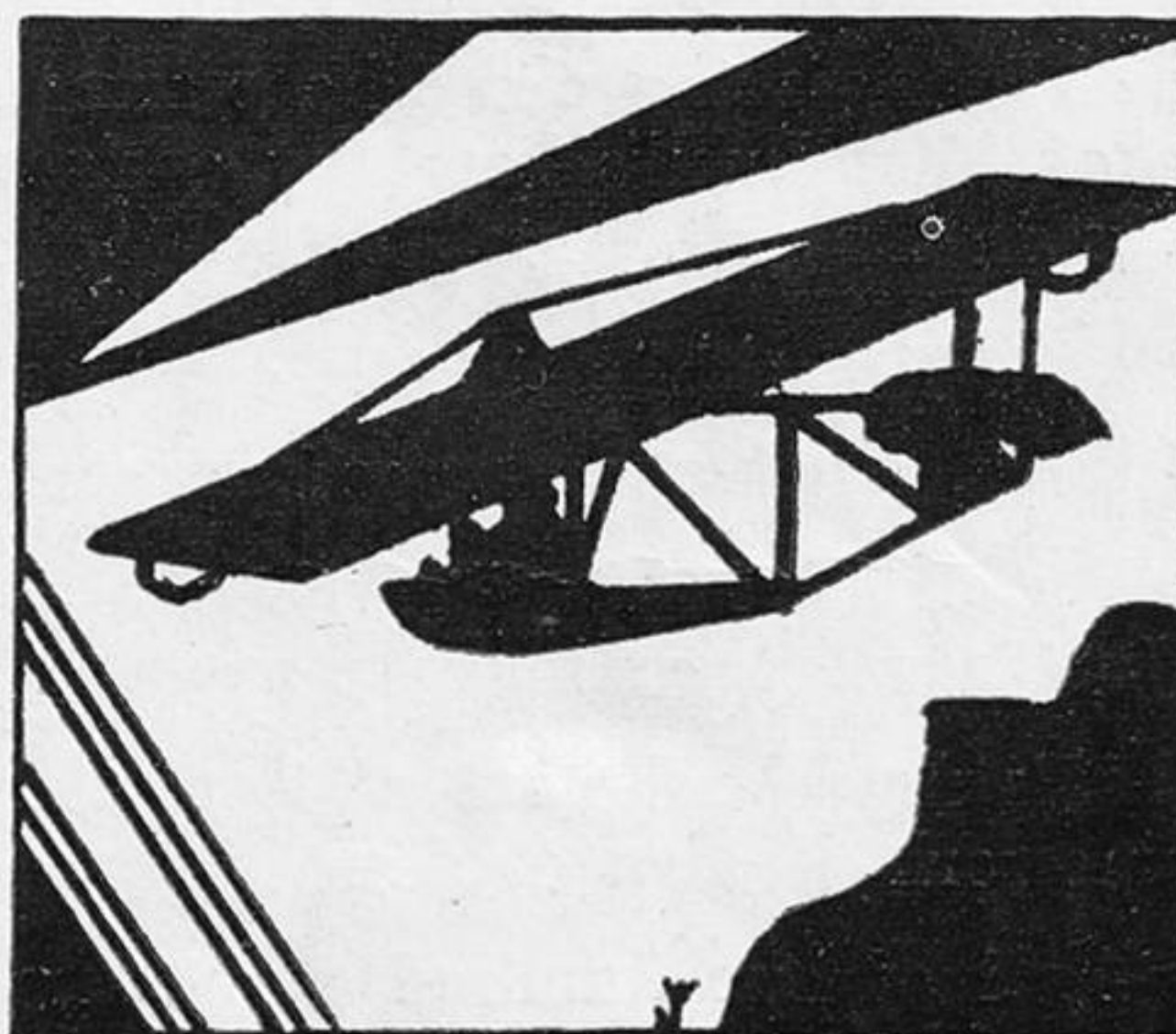
- Steve Adarmek—whose nodding head is topped by towlsed hair.
- Bob Allat—comes across in school with wisecrack and with pun.
- Bob Banting—This innocent young man will learn, before he's very old, that putting ice down Butler's neck won't help to cure his cold.
- Keith Barker—is the quiet type, and never chews the fat.
- William Beach—His basso and profuse remarks make all the teachers sore.
- Alfred Boyd—He says he even studies for the smallest Science test.
- Kenneth Brown—We cannot find a thing to say.
- Jimmy Burleson—The man he seems to think he is?
- Bruce Butler—With Bruce around, the teachers find it difficult to teach.
- Stan Elphick—has the Book of Knowledge memorized right through.
- Watt Hall—the curly-headed lad, comes in at ten to nine, then quickly borrows someone's book, and copies every line.
- Jimmy Harris—since last year has scored a "giant" hit.
- Shavey Hildebrand—Jack says he's joined the army, and is waiting for the call.
- Stewy Hill—is artistic, and spends his time filling his note-books with a fine assorted mass of Hitler's aeroplanes, and ships.
- George Jackson—Just a broad grin.
- Mac McDonald (Murray) Little man who's never there.
- Norm MacDonald—Just go to Norm if there's a pen or rubber that you lack.
- Gordon Main—Those shirts and ties of vivid plaid make Gordy stand alone.
- Jack Mackey soon will waste away, he grows so very thin,
- Jim Martin's everlasting conversation is a vice.
- Jack McCutcheon—has a sense of humor, a brilliant mind, and excels in sports of every kind.
- Gordon Michie—Mick to you, with horse-laugh loud and free.
- Bill Morley—reels off Latin in a high soprano tone.
- Ken Newton—often known as "Newt" supplies the form with corn.
- Charlie Reid—should have been sent a booklet to instruct him how to write.
- Bill Shaw—has Irish in his blood, and green on his back.
- Dave Skelton—He ought to write a book about the facts that he has heard.
- Ted Smith—Asks lots of questions, and is curious to know what makes electro-magnets work.
- George Wallace—An artist at the graceful "splits", there's none can equal him.
- Gordy Woods—whose tow'ring frame stands out above us all.
- Elewy Yost—When Elewy's seat broke down in French it left him in a fix.
- Ben Levinter—always at the fore in asking foolish questions.
- Jimmy Cole—I don't know what to say, for fear I'd be too modest.

JIMMY COLE.

IIC

- Roy Burnfield—specializes in Mathematics. "Little Joe."
- George Cameron—Mr. Anderson is sure that George will soon know Latin.
- Mary Card—Has ambitions of being a figure-skater.
- Ken Fortune—seems to be very fond of the fairer sex? ? ?
- Bob Hollingshead—Likes to have the same mark in his Latin tests and exams.
- Murray Ireland—Keeps the blues on the run by joking and making fun.
- Alma Kerr—Someday she will be an accomplished pianist.
- Helen Massey—Has the knowledge of a book.
- Mary McKilvray—She always ranks at the top of the class.
- Ross McKelvey—If he could do Latin as well as he plays rugby!
- Eugene Nash—Has athletic ambitions.
- Glen Nix—surprised the class by earning a few pennies in Latin.
- Lawrence Parker—What have Miss Wattie and Parker in common? ? ?
- Jim Pidgeon—He is often seen but seldom heard.
- Don Poole—Has ambitions of a musical career.
- Bill Ramsay—Who is fond of plaid, is a cheerful lad.
- Ilene Russell—amuses the class with her comical sketches.
- Don Shields—Latin is the only subject which Don cannot understand.
- Bill Shorey—He talks out of the side of his mouth.
- Muriel Snider—Has a head of curls.
- Eric Thrush—Often talks out of turn, but he'll soon learn!
- John Wallace—He often takes turns with Nix, (collecting money in Latin).
- Melvin Walters—Amuses the class, By writing his one line paragraphs.
- Adele Wardlaw—The examination results proved Mr. Anderson wrong!
- Jeanne White—The genius in Maths.
- Ivan Whiteside—One of the quieter type.
- Ernie Young—Although Ernie is small, he is well-mannered.
- James Witherspoon—a newcomer to our Form.

MURIEL CATES.



IA

Miss Govenlock—works hard to keep up I A's reputation for quietness up to the mark??? We all hope that she is succeeding.

Isobel Baldwin—our athletic representative and captain of "A" volleyball??? team.

Betty Garrison—I think that if I thought what I think I thought don't you think that it might be right?

Marie Beardall—Tall, dark and pretty.

Mina Bow—"knee high to a grasshopper" with a smile a mile long.

Rosemary Davidson—has a pleasant smile and dimples.

Kathleen Brown—quiet and dark, a friend to everyone.

Joy Weber—reaching for the stars.

Audrey Harding—one of our many excellent pianists.

Grace Smith—"May I be excused teacher?"

Ruth Wacey—a petite blond mademoiselle with blue eyes.

Marion Davidson—her hobby seems to be football players.

Kathleen Bridgeman—a good skater—maybe another Sonja Henie.

Ann Jackson—our country miss from Downsview.

Velma Roundtree—"Pennies from Heaven" can't drown Velma.

Marian Shier—An English miss whose daily task is to take the dog for a walk.

Pauline Butler—one of our many artistic stars.

Shirley Ellerbey—a picture from long ago.

Shirley Marchant—
With a smile on her face
And a twinkle in her toes
She's a friend to all, wherever she goes.

Mary Neale—With last minute rushes, and burning of midnight oil; but oh, what curls!

Violet Aitchison—a quiet girl who sits at the back of the fourth row. Ambition—another school teacher.

Helen Dobson—Helen hits the high notes in the Weston Conservatory Choir.

Constance Cameron—"I know teacher." (a few minutes later) "What does this mean?"

Betty MacArthur—A wee Scotch lassie from over the river.

Barbara Case—rapid calculator in Math.

Jeanne Thibadeau—Voulez-vous savoir que je viens de dire?

Helen Bridgeman and Betty Golding—two inseparables who never let life get them down.

Evelyn Cornish—long dark hair and dark eyes.

Evelyn Grubbe—Does extra work on Math. every night.

Patricia Thrush—"Pat" who with her winning ways will fill her ambition well. Ambition—nurse.

Eleanor McKay—red hair and green eyes.

Estelle Heakes—couldn't it be this way teacher?
For——

Ruth Savage—she's tall, she's tan, she's terrific.

Francis Young—her favourite and common expression is "tee-hee-hee-oh!"

Gwenyth Wood—is a genius in getting work done in Home Economics.

June Richardson—running shoes seem to be her bug-bear.

Wilda Huson—Home Economics is her strong subject.

Dorothy McLeod—contrary to all notions she isn't afraid of mice.

Audrey Wood—and—Winnifred Medhurst—two of our best runners who represented us on Field Day.

Doris Evenden—"Me! Why I never talk!"

Betty Burslem—captain of "B" volleyball team and a good sport.

Mary Grose—has high ambitions, for she wants to learn to fly.

ESTELLE HEAKES.

IB

Jack Allat—Does he "get in anyone's hair"?

Garnet Ashbee—good sports come in small packages.

Bill Bennett—he looks before he leaps.

George Buckley—a fast worker.

George Burlington—a jolly fellow but at times a pest.

Roger Cooper—he will have a high "I. Q." in years to come.

Alan Byers—Silence is golden.

Jack Delworth—as quick as a snail.

Gordon Green—"The car broke down, sir."

John Green—a chap who thinks he's funny.

Lionel Glassford—altho' he is shy of girls, he will get on.

Ronald Grant—a sharp-shooter—in paper.

Alf Heakes—a brainy lad who is always late.

Douglas Hentry—a prospective doctor.

Orval Ketcheson—he's short; he's tubby; he's a red-head.

John Lepingwell—Are you having any fun?

Eric Lynd—tramp, tramp, tramp along the highway.

Peter McArthur—master of the bagpipes.

John McEwen—a mischief-maker.

Stewart McIntosh—he doesn't care for school.

Sandy McKague—he's already versed in politics.

Graham Ord—a future Errol Flynn.

James Packham—Will he be an Einstein?

Eric Pawson—"Pawson, is your Mathematics done?"

George Paine—a thorn in Miss Carrie's side.

James Pidgeon—Atlas in the bud.

Bill Pursel—he talks a lot but says little.

Howard Pees—timid as a mouse.

John Sloan—as deep as the sea.

Ken Smith—"Teacher, may I have a pen nib?"

Dave Stenhouse—on field day he shone in every sport.

John Sudbury—a pocket full of trouble.

Wes Taylor—loud-speaker.

Pat White—a trumpeter of some repute.

John Wyllie—Mr. Jeffrey's dummy or mimic.

Tom Case—always ready with an answer.

Clarke Gastrell—faraway look in his eyes.

Doug Ward—aeroplane enthusiast.

Earl Wood—Mortimer Snerd??

John Wood—Small and bright.

Millson—is he bright?—who knows.

ARTHUR CHISHOLM.

IC

GIRLS

Muriel Allen—A new girl.

Ruth Chapman—Beats us all every day in her work.

Helen Grace—The little girl who wasn't there.

Mary Gray—Could she be a flirt?

Ethel Haily and Ruth Hoover—When with these two,
you'll never be blue.

Bessie Irons—Fat but not so chubby.

Irene Isherwood—Blonde hair, eyes of blue.

Mary Leslie and Mary Lindsay—We know are two good
pals, but are they always very good gals?

Margaret McKinnon—Vice-representative to *The Con-*
oning Tower.

Margaret McMillan—Sometimes forgets to do her math,
and copies it in the "caf".

Shirley Offredi—A future Rembrandt.

Bernice Usher—Bunny comes in the Constable bus.

Jean Watson—May not be tall, but valuable goods are
usually small.

MARGARET MCKINNON

BOYS

Raymond Castator and Donald Newton—Castator—

"We will have to do something about it, Don. There
are too many girls coming down in our car."

Newton—"You shouldn't care."

Gordon Coates, Jack Devins and Peter McLean—

They can't do this to us,

Cause we go home on the bus!

Samuel Cooper—Can't refuse Miss Wattie's detentions
because he lives right across from the school.

Jethro Crang—Why didn't somebody tell me before
hand?

Fred Davis—"Here, sir."

Bruce Hewitt—I am sorry Miss Wattie, but the car
broke down.

James Keyes—Brains not love should be the key to his
success.

Dominico Lalla, David LaRose and Lawrence Madill—
Who worry the teachers and therefore promote the
sale of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

Norman Minty, Roy Neale, Joseph Thibodeau and
Robert Wardlaw—Who gave Miss Govenlock this
Indian Village Idea in the first place?

Jack Niccoluci—Who has a long way to get up and
generally doesn't.

Wallace Rombough—No, I stayed home last night to do
my homework.

William Skidmore—Quit school just before the first set
of exams.

George Spiller—Our athletic representative.

Joseph Taylor—Has a couple of ponies and an apple
orchard.

Douglas Thomson—What did she say?

NORMAN MINTY

THE SCHOOL SONG

"WHITE and BLUE"

First Verse

Onward, Weston, brave and bold!
Life is for those who meet it!
Take the best from what is old,
Set your heart to beat it!
As a soldier goes to the war
Mocking death with laughter,
Toss your courage on before!
Gain will follow after!

Second Verse

Here the field and here the goal,
Here the challenge hearty!
Take the play with all your soul!
Life's a fighting party!
When our children sing this song,
Let them not us pity!
Therefore let us stride along
And sing our wondrous ditty!

Chorus

Weston! Weston! Hand and heart for Weston!
Hand and heart for the white and blue!
Weston! Weston! Raise a cheer for Weston!
Fight to make her losses few.
Let's clean upon Scarb'ro, York and Runneymede
Mimico, 'Tobico, then we're in the lead, So!
Weston! Weston! Hand and heart for Weston!
Raise a cheer for the white and blue!

H3

Miss Cobourn—says we have third formite-ous. We have a faint idea of what it means but we'll let you figure it out for yourselves.

Kay Andrassay—Larry

Reta Jemmett—Mo

Annie Humanuik—Curly

Ambitions respectively—To be a designer in Paris.
To be an aviatrix.
To marry a cowboy.

Clara Crabtree—Our slim blonde.
Ambition—to be an air hostess.

Barbara Shuttleworth—"Oh, I forgot the vanilla." Ambition—to be a nurse, or a designer or something.

Marjorie Steed—Oh how she loves those English periods.
Ambition to become a nurse and marry a doctor.

(J. H. G.)

Olga Skorup—She's the teacher's assistant.
Ambition—She won't tell.

B. SHUTTLEWORTH.

H2

Elsie Pollard—Brown eyed, plump, and friendly to everyone.

Catherine Laidler—The golden-haired maiden that laughs, skips and hops.

Violet Giles—Would go miles and miles to see an aeroplane.

Doris Hadlow—lands out of the comic strip.

Dorothy Brownley—a shy little lass.

Florence Curtis—The daring young thing with the innocent face.

Edith Jordan—whose laughter is long and loud.

Helen Storez—in perfection she delights.

Edna Pitcher is a silent girl.

Gladys Wilkes is H2's blond.

Lena Corvari is a jitterbug gal.

Iris Penny says this school is the best.

Irene Enright's singing is no task????

Marge Tucker is one of the more modern class..

Evelen Booth—Hurry, scurry, never worry.

Stella Sterez has a cute little twin.

Katheen Nickels plays the piano.

Marge Cross has blushes for sale.

MARGE TUCKER.

H1

Kay Babcock—She's always full of fun and pep and jokes.

Ada Brown—One of our smart girls from down Fairbank way.

Violet Brumaroff—I don't know, do you?

Ruth Crang—She's a red-head, and comes to school with a new joke every morning.

Ann Cribbett—Does she like boys, or do the boys like her.

Jean Davis—One of the quieter types.

June Douglas—That far away voice that doesn't want to be heard.

Dorothy Duffin—The girl that helps draw the boys' attention.

Lillian Elvidge—Always has her head buried in her books.

Florence Evans—Sister of Florence. All the way from Lansing.

A MESSAGE FROM

Weir Eckenswiller, C.L.U.
16 MAIN ST. NORTH
Off. Weston 339
EL. 5141
Res. Weston 373

When you are thinking of LIFE INSURANCE just call on me to help you. I will be glad to advise you without obligation.



Lillian Fort—She's always heard singing, "Oh! Johnny. Oh!"

Helen Gardiner—Tall, skinny and—

Eleanor Gordon—You can't stop me from dreaming.

Helen Grant—She's small—but she's smart.

Loma Hart—She's a good kid—when she's present.

Helen Jones—She's one of the Jones girls!

Olga Leistener—She has the boys look twice.

Helen Lill—Our giggling girl, always full of fun.

Julie Linnter—The artist of our class.

Mary Luckhurst—Always has a wise-crack.

Myrtle Martin—She thinks she's a jitterbug.

Violet Menear—Another girl of the quiet type.

Helen Middlebrook—Who's the attraction in Whit-taker's car?

Elsie Mortimer—Takes time out at night to do her homework.

Bertha Mandier—She hopes to be a dressmaker.

Eleanor Nash—She's always full of fun.

Berta Nunn—when will she run out of excuses to tell her teachers.

Myrtle O'Brien—Another brainy girl, says little—knows much.

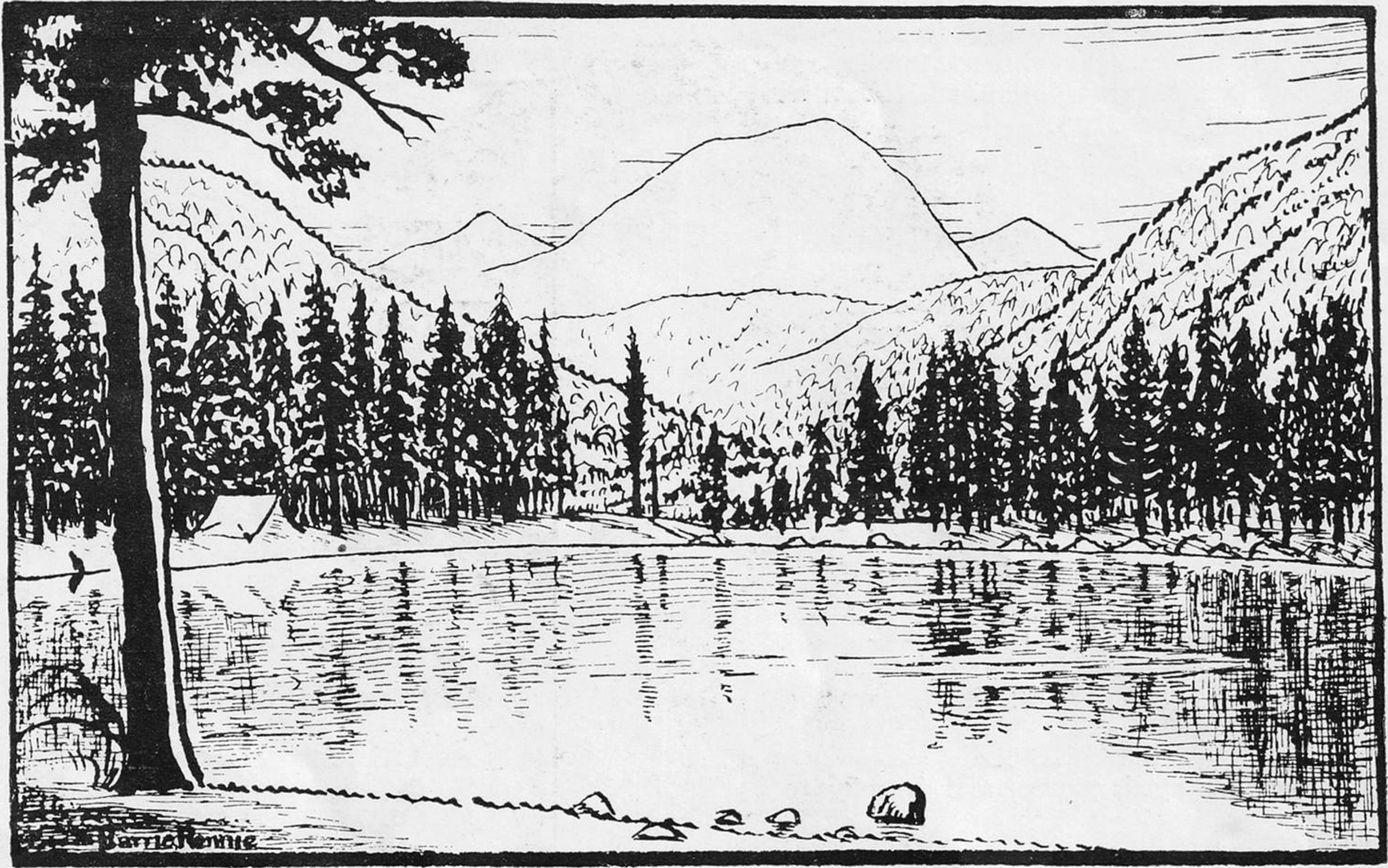
Dora Philpot—She's quiet—but a nice kid when you know her.

Agnes Robertson—A jolly girl is Agnes.

Helen Robertson—Am I in love?

Edith Ross—Chatter—Chatter—Edith goes home as fresh as ever.

Violet Rowen—She's always on the go.



Madeleine and Muriel Silman—Our HI twins—stick together girls!

Vera Stedman—She's small for her age, but she's very wise.

Josie Stearz—She has a twin sister in HIII.

Ida Stittle—Does she like sewing classes!

Jean Taylor—Always late. Excuse—the street car wouldn't wait.

Mary Tokarski—She's a good volleyball player. She sure did help us out.

Eleanor Wallace—Flat-foot-flossey.

Muriel Warring—Always has her hair combed.

Rose Warrall—We should like to see her twin brother.

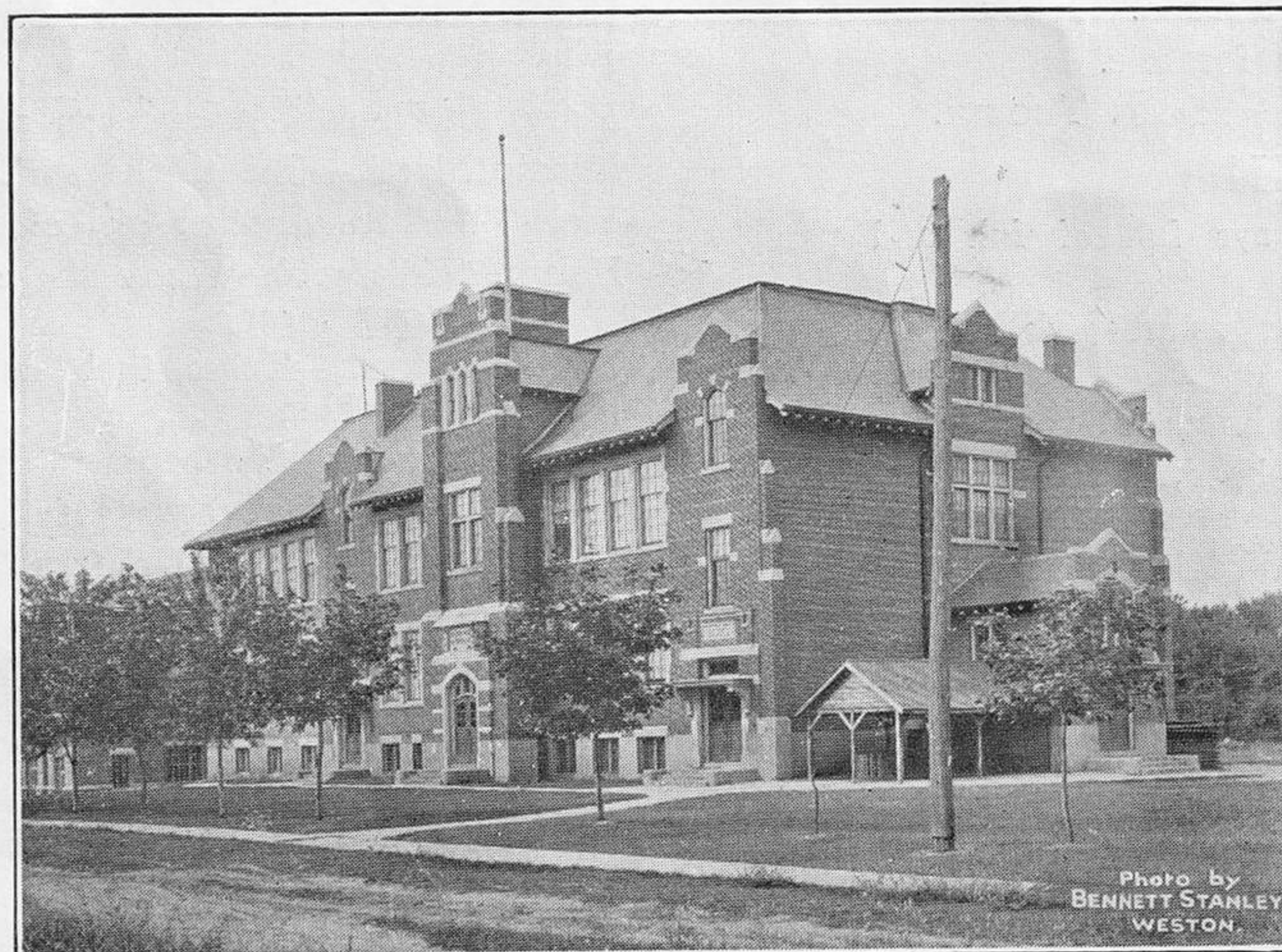
Hope Wood—She is a quiet girl, but a good sport.

Eileen Sartell—Where do you get all your jokes, Eileen?

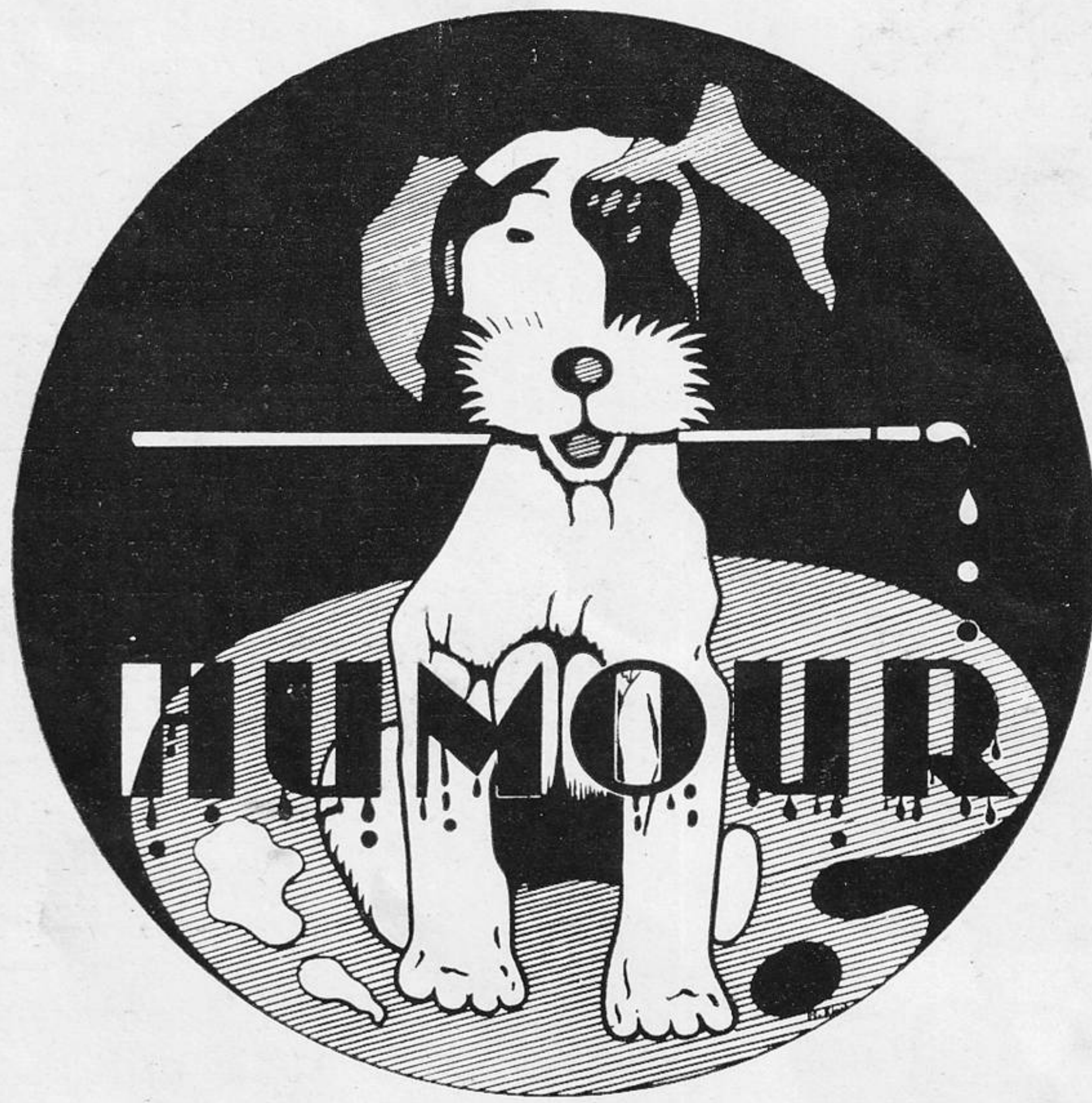
Miss Currie—Thinks we must get sick and tired of her, having her almost every period in the morning. But we all think she's a swell teacher.

Miss Uren—Sure is a good sport with us girls. We all thank you for putting up with us like you have.

MARION SNIDER



"We're Growing"



Mr. Armstrong (Teaching Geometry): "Can anyone tell me what is wrong with my figure?"

Bruce L.: "What an unusual pair of socks you're wearing, one red and the other green!"

Garth M.: "Yes, and Terry is wearing a pair exactly the same."

Diner: "Waiter, I'll have a steak with fried potatoes. And make the steak lean."

Waiter: "Yes, sir. Which way, sir."

Mabel to Olive: "Do you use kiss-proof lipstick?"

Ted: "No she doesn't."

Doug. Seal: "I'm afraid my bowling is becoming worse."

Audrey Ring: "Is that possible?"

Mr. Brooks: "Duthie, give me your definition of common sense."

Pete: "Sorry, sir, I haven't any."

The morning Harvey Higgins graduated into High School, he was so nervous he could hardly shave.

Muriel Cates: "I'd like a book of poetry."

Mr. Anderson: "Something light?"

Muriel: "It doesn't matter. I've got a car to take it home in."

Nancy Forgie was driving along a country road when she saw a couple of repair men climbing telephone poles. "Fools!" she said to her companions, "they must think I never drove a car before."

Grace McKinley: "Let's skip school to-day."

Orpha Farr: "No I can't."

Grace McK.: "Why not?"

Orpha Farr: "I need the sleep."

5th form boy: "You know you're not bad-looking."

4th form girl: "Oh you'd say so, even if you didn't think so."

5th form boy: "We're even then. You'd think so even if I didn't say so."

Boy: "Do you know Dad, that in some parts of Africa a man doesn't know his wife until he marries her?"

Dad: "Why single out Africa?"

We hear the following ad. was printed in a local newspaper:

Wanted: "A large well-furnished room by a young lady about fifteen feet square."

First former (in library): "beg your pardon sir, but what are you looking for?"

Teacher: "Adam Bede."

F. F.: "Well maybe it rolled under the book-case."



Mr. Anderson: "How many senses are there Mary?"

Mary Card: "Six sir."

Mr. Anderson: "Indeed, I have only five."

Mary Card: "Yes sir. The other is common sense."

Ferguson to Mr. Armstrong: "May I get a drink sir?"

Mr. Armstrong (mistaking drink for ink): "Sorry John I lent my bottle to Mr. Jeffrey."

Miss Smith: "Can anyone give me three verb forms?"

Silman: "Indictive, Interrogative, and Imperative."

Miss Smith: "Fine, now give an example of each."

Silman: "Tom is sick — (pause) — Is Tom sick?" — (pause) — Sic(k) 'em Tom."

Miss Wattie (distressed, says to fifth form): "I'm afraid this class is taking after Napoleon."

Class: "Why?"

Miss Wattie: "You're going down in history."

"How about a little kiss girlie?"

"No, I have scruples."

"That's alright. I've been vaccinated."

5th form boy: "You'll have to excuse my dancing, I'm a little stiff from rugby."

4th form girl: "I don't care where you're from. Get off my feet."

Padget: "So you graduated from a barber college. What is your college yell?"

Gadget: "Cut his lip, cut his jaw.

Leave his face raw, raw, raw."

Mr. Gemmel: "What is a comet?"

George Bryer: "A star with a tail."

Mr. Gemmel: "Very good. Name one."

George: "Mickey Mouse."

"Is Jim Ford still as dumb as ever?"

"Is he? Why the other day he passed a police station and saw a notice in the window, 'Murderer wanted'—and he went in and applied for the job."

Waiter: "Will you have pie, sir?"

Mr. Worden: "Is it customary?"

Waiter: "No, it's apple."

N.B.—It's snow use explaining these. If you don't get the drift of them burn this.

Rushbrook calls his girl "grapefruit" because every time he squeezes her she hits him in the eye.

Mr. Jeffrey (visiting Boddington in the hospital): "How did you get her?"

Boddington (misunderstanding the question): "Flu."

Booth (to cafeteria waitress): "This fish isn't as good as the piece I had last Friday."

Waitress: "t ought to be, it's off the same fish."

Mr. Whiting: "How many classes of natural magnets are there?"

Dunster: "Blondes and Brunettes."

A Woodbridge pupil entered his form room one morning, evidently out of wind.

Teacher: "I see you came to school in a hurry this morning?"

Pupil: "Puff—puff—no sir, in the bus."

After the C.N.E. last year Jim Boddington came to school wearing a tie-pin containing a glittering stone.

"Is it a real diamond?" he was asked.

"Well if it isn't, I've been cheated out of fifty cents," he said.

Tommy: "Did you fight in the Great War, papa?"

Papa: "Yes, son."

Tommy: "Did you make the Germans run?"

Papa: "Yes, son."

Tommy: "Did they catch you?"

1st High School Boy: "Is she going with anyone now?"

2nd High School Boy: "Yes anyone."

Jim Blayney: "What was the name of the animal I just shot, Dad?"

Mr. Blayney: "I think he said his name was Jones."

Bubs: "If you kiss me I'll scream for help."

Don: "Thanks, but I don't need any help."

Mr. Metcalfe: "The orchestra will now play *God Save the King*."

Fred English: "Gee, I just played that."

There is a strong tie between King Lindsay and his father. King is generally wearing it.

Mr. Armstrong: "How far are you from the right answer, Doreen?"

Doreen Carter: "About two seats, sir."

Bill Snyder: "You should never go in the water after an ice cream cone."

Pauline Smart: "And why not, may I ask?"

Bill Snyder: "Because you won't find any there."

Marg. Duff: "I hear you had an argument with Lloyd Luckett."

Eddie Booth: "Yes, it was a battle of brains."

Marg. Duff: "How brave of you to go into the battle unarmed."

Lulu Johnston: "Why does the siren always blow for a fire?"

Hil Paine: "It doesn't blow for a fire. It blows for water. They already have a fire."

Bennett: "Golfing is like pie to me."

Duthie: "Yes I've seen your slices."

Mr. ——— (arrested for speeding): "But officer I'm a high-school teacher."

Cop.: "Ignorance is no excuse."

Jean Best: "Do you collect anything?"

Noreen Cuthbertson: "Nothing but my thoughts."

Jean Best: "Oh—antique collector eh?"

Doug Orr: "I'm through with that girl."

Ed Lawrence: "Why?"

D. O.: "She asked me if I could dance."

E. L.: "What's wrong with that?"

D. O.: "I was dancing with her when she asked me."

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Open Evenings

Mr. Worden: "I thought I told you I didn't want to see you in the office again."

Barton: "Yes sir, that's what I told Mr. Armstrong but he wouldn't believe me."

Taken from the Daily Star of 1945

Reporter: "To what do you owe your success as a golfer, Mr. Hill?"

Jack Hill (the champ): "I was always too lazy to take as many strokes as other people."

"Pardon me, but I noticed at dinner that your husband smacks his lips quite loudly when eating. Believe me, my husband never does that."

"No. I suppose not. There is a difference in cooking you know."

Mary Leuty: "Has this dog a pedigree?"

Dog Dealer: "Pedigree? Why lady if this dog could talk, he'd ignore both of us."

Mr. Whiting: "What is the most outstanding contribution chemistry has given the world?"

Bill Proctor: "Blondes."

Visitor: "Why are you in jail?"

Prisoner: "Bigamy."

Visitor: "And how are you enjoying your freedom?"

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1st Girl: "How long were you engaged to him?"

2nd Girl: "I don't know. My watch stopped."

Billy Livings wandered into a tennis tournament the other day and sat down on the bench. "Whose game?" He said. A shy young thing (Audrey Tilson) sitting next to him looked up hopefully. "I am," she replied.

Velma Norris: "My, isn't the dance floor slippery tonight?"

Ted Nixon: "No, I just had a shoe shine."

5A Student: "But sir, I don't think I deserve an absolute zero."

Teacher: "Neither do I, but it's the lowest mark I'm allowed to give."

Mr. Whiting: "Do you think paper can be used effectively to keep people warm?"

Orr: "I should say so, sir. The last report card I took home kept the family hot for a week."

Lawrence: "Yes, and what's more, what I do for a living takes plenty of guts."

Hill: "Are you a daredevil?"

Lawrence: "No. I string violins."

Mr. Anderson: "What do you think of this story? Give me your honest opinion."

Ledingham: "It's not worth anything."

Mr. Anderson: "I know, but tell me anyway."

Mr. Brooks: "Give me a sentence using the word 'bewitches.'"

Taylor: "You go ahead. I'll bewitches in a minute."

Mr. Templeton (at a garage): "I want to buy a couple of tires, please."

Attendant: "Balloon tires, sir?"

Mr. Templeton: "No! Automobile tires, silly."

Traffic Cop: "Now Miss, what gear were you in at the time of the accident?"

Evelyn (calmly): "Oh, I had on a black beret, tan shoes and a tweed sports dress."

Mr. Thompson: "Did you take a shower, Poole?"

Poole (absent-mindedly): "No sir, is one missing?"

Chemistry Teacher: "First I shall take some sulphuric acid and then some chloroform."

Witty Pupil: "That's a good idea!"

Bert Avery and Ernie Thornton were tramping through a northern bush when Burt stopped suddenly and said:

"Look Ernie, here's the track of a bear."

"Sure enough," said Ernie, "let's track him. You go that way and find out where he is, and I'll go this way and find out where he used to be."

Nip: "I hear you've been to school for stuttering. Did it cure you?"

Tuck: "Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers."

Nip: "Why that's wonderful."

Tuck: "Yes but its d-d-darned h-h-hard to work in an ordinary c-c-conversation."

Doctor: "Ask that accident victim his name so we can tell his family?"

Nurse (returning): "He says his family already knows his name."

Mr. Anderson: "What's a Grecian urn?"

McNeil: "Not very much sir."

Mrs. Cole: "Your teacher tells me you were last in a class of 25."

Jimmy: "Well I might have been worse."

Mrs. Cole: "How is that?"

Jimmy: "I might have been in a bigger class."

Fred English: "I am more in favour of the Canadian mode of spelling than the American."

Dorothy Ehnes: "Why?"

Fred E.: "Well take 'parlour' for instance. Having 'u' in it makes all the difference in the world."

A high school boy answered a "boy wanted" sign in a downtown store last summer.

"What kind of a boy do you want?" he asked the manager.

"We want a boy who doesn't smoke, swear, chew gum or whistle in the office. He must be quick on his feet, mentally alert and —."

"Sorry sir," the boy broke in, "you don't want a boy, you want a girl."

Heard over the telephone.

Bruce: "Is that you, Beryl?"

Beryl: "Yes."

Bruce: "Are you going out with me tonight?"

Beryl: "I certainly am. Who's speaking?"

It is told of a local mother that since she smelled tobacco on her son's breath the other evening, she won't let him go out with the girls any more.

A 3rd former went into the barber's shop. He climbed into the chair and then the barber took a look at his sleek hair and said:

"Which do you want, your hair cut or your oil changed."

Audrey: "Are these jokes original?"

Terry and Bill (chorusing): "Oh yes."

Audrey: "But you can't be that old."

Blayney (reading from Chemistry Manual): "Surface should be rubbed down thoroughly with steel wool. H'mm. Oh Reeves, what is steel wool?"

Reeves (Innocently): "I'm not sure but I think it's the fleece from a hydraulic ram."

Watts is so tight he puts boracic acid on his grapefruit so he can get a free eye wash.

Marks (to his girl): "I would face death for you."

The Girl: "Why didn't you face that bulldog then?"

Marks: "Because he wasn't dead."

Topper: "I guess I have insomnia all right."

Hylton: "Why?"

Topper (yawning): "I woke up twice in the last period."

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Coach: "That's an awful gash you have on your forehead."

Bruce: "Oh, next to nothing, next to nothing."

Mr. Whiting (in Chemistry): "I have here a 4.4 solution of alcohol."

Mr. Brooks (in Literature): "Here lies the port."

Mr. Jeffery (in Algebra): "Let's try the next case."

Cooper: "What do you do with your clothes when you wear them out?"

Moore: "Wear them back, of course."

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A. G. Peirson,
 Superintendent

The one who thinks these jokes are poor would straightway change his views
 Could he compare the jokes I write
 With those I did not use.
 (More on request)

Stan. McNeil had just crashed into a telephone pole. Wire, pole and everything came down around his ears. They found him unconscious in the wreckage, but as they were untangling him, he reached out feebly, fingered the wires and murmured: "Thank heaven I lived the right way; they've given me a harp."

1st fourth former: "Does she kiss?"

2nd fourth former: "Only her friends, but she boasts she has no enemies."

Lorne Cousins: "Do you think women have more backbone than men?"

Don Beardall: "No, they just display more."

Miss Smith (on 1938 trip to Germany): "How often do big ships like this one sink?"

Sailor: "Usually not more than once ma'am."

Miss Wattie: "Give me a definition of extravagance!"

Huson: "Extravagance is wearing a neck-tie under a turtle-neck sweater."

Bob Grosskurth: "Say barber, how long will I have to wait for a shave?"

Barber (taking a close look): "Oh about two years, I'd say."

Mrs. Cooper (calling into attic): "Are you up there, Harry?"

Voice (muffled): "No mother. Try the cellar."

Verna Wilson: "In the olden days did soldiers really fight with battle-axes?"

Mac Hall: "Only the married ones."



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Electricity
Machine Shop Practice

Welding
Woodworking
Shop Mathematics
Commercial Work

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Sewing
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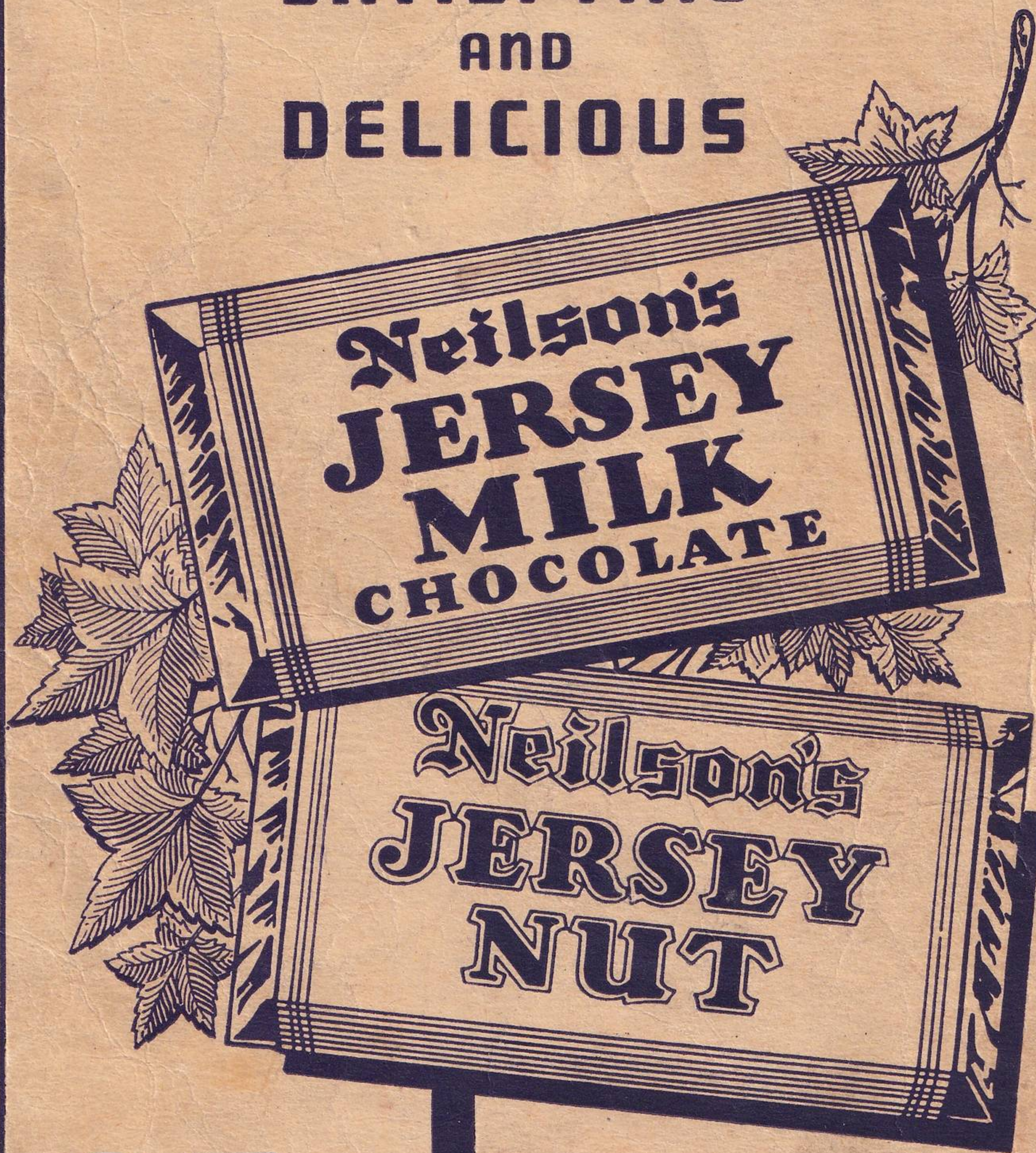
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